

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

LADY VIOLET BRASSEY.

179, New Bond Street.

## COURSING.

DEEPLY impressed as I am by the importance and by the difficulty of the subject which these pictures, no less remarkable for their delicacy than for their accuracy, suggest, it seems to me to be the part of a gentleman, if not that of a journalist, to make preliminary confession of my qualifications for the task and of my deficiencies. The latter list is the longer, but it need not be written in full, for it is warranted to make itself manifest. Years ago a young writer asked me to criticise an article of which two-thirds consisted of an explanation of his ignorance of his subject. It became necessary to point out to him that his concluding paragraph, which purported to deal with the subject, rendered his introduction quite superfluous. My case is better than that. The love of coursing, public and private, is an hereditary passion in me. Before I ever saw greyhounds slipped, I had hung upon the lips of my grandsire, while he recounted the exploits of famous greyhounds upon which he had lavished much money and care. The old gentleman's kennel-book, which he started in or about the year of the battle of Waterloo—happy coincidence for a man who loved to see the greyhounds flash over field and fence and furrow—is my familiar study. Notes are in it relating to forgotten meetings, names and pedigrees of famous dogs and of patrons of the ancient sport are carefully recorded, and quaint old-world remedies are prescribed. With the delicacy of Gilbert White, the scholarly old sportsman thought well to write in Greek characters prescriptions dealing with indelicate but unavoidable topics; and he was prodigal of wild prescriptions, being not afraid to recommend the administration of water-plantain for hydrophobia. A high-placed dignitary of the Church, and an excellent servant of his Master, too, he so wrote his notes that they present a pleasant picture of the clerical sportsman of his day, and at the same time open the way to casual research into the greyhound lore of the beginning of the century. His Roebuck, for example, ran often against good dogs, "but never had a go-by given him, save by the Dean of St. Asaph's Puss." Then we learn that Roebuck was by Sir E. Lloyd's Snowball—bought at Swaffham for £25—out of Venus, who was "by a Herefordshire dog out of a bitch bred by Lord Rivers." Snowball was the son of Old Snowball, "the property of Major Topham, was got by Claret, son of Lord Orford's



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### AT CARMICHAEL.

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Jupiter, out of Phyllis—a Berkshire bitch belonging to Sir William St. Quintin." Old Snowball died in December, 1805, but not before Mr. Swinfen, who purchased him, had "offered to run all England with him for 100 guineas," or before the reverend chronicler could write of him, "In fact, he was the Eclipse of greyhounds, and there is hardly a first-rate dog in the kingdom whose blood is not to be traced to Snowball." Surely these extracts give us a pleasant glimpse into ancient times, and serve to explain my presumption in writing. Nurtured on such lore as this, favoured by exceptional good fortune in the opportunities which have come to me of enjoying private coursing, and by the same fortune as others in the matter of public coursing, filled with hereditary affection for the sport, I have taken constant pleasure in observing the practice and in pondering over the records of the sport. So, perhaps, I may make modest endeavour to write pleasantly, and not without knowledge of it and of its incidents.

For the text of the discourse let me take this first instalment of a series of excellent photographs taken at the famous Carmichael meeting, which may be regarded as a typical example of public coursing, as it has flourished in the open since 1831. Before that year, when the game laws were relaxed so that a man might go coursing without a certificate, and without owing land to the value of £100 a year, the social conditions of the sport were different from those which have prevailed since. What do the illustrations show? Firstly, they present a group of spectators and participants in the sport, eager sportsmen all, and almost as capable as the judge himself of estimating the comparative merits of the performances of rival dogs. They show also something very like an ideal country for the enjoyment of coursing by spectators. From the slope on which they have taken their stand these gentlemen cannot fail, unless they have the worst of luck, to obtain a magnificent view of the ins and outs of a sport which must be followed by the eye and with the field-glass; for the dogs are exceeding swift, and it is indispensable to true enjoyment that they and the chase should have an absolutely fair and open expanse of country before them. It is not, I take it, a very trying country, for the fields are spacious, the fences not formidable, though I should guess that the meuses in them are not numerous, and the hills are not severe.

Next come two greyhounds, AGERLEY AND ALWAYS AT HOME, the property of Sir W. C. Anstruther—but the time for talking of greyhounds has not yet come. After them comes Tom Bootiman, THE SLIPPER, prompt and fair, upon



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### AGERLEY AND ALWAYS AT HOME

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whom much depends. He is as important, in his way, as is THE JUDGE, Mr. Bull, of whom the counterfeit presentment follows; and the judge must possess a wonderful combination of qualities. At the end of each course "he must immediately deliver his decision aloud, and shall not recall or reverse his decision, on any pretext whatever, after it has been declared." That is to say, he must make up his mind firmly and fairly as the course proceeds, and that is no easy matter. True it is that he must decide upon "the uniform principle that the greyhound which does most towards killing the hare during the continuance of the course is to be declared the winner"; but those words, "during the continuance of the course," are pregnant with meaning. The mere fact that this dog or that kills poor puss goes almost for nothing, for though a kill may be so meritorious as to score two whole points, it may be of no value at all. The fact is that public coursing, as I shall have occasion to observe in more detail later, is in some measure an artificial sport, though it is none the less exhilarating and delightful. All the time the course is proceeding, the judge must keep in mind the rather complicated rules which must not be forgotten "in estimating the value of speed to a hare." They must be so deeply engraved upon his brain, as they are in Mr. Bull's case, that he applies them instinctively. He must be on the watch for the "go-by," and note whether it is gained on the outer circle. He must be acute and accurate in distinguishing the "wrench," when the hare departs from her line at less than a right angle from the turn. He must note the "trip," when the hare is thrown off her legs, or where a greyhound flecks but



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THE JUDGE.

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cannot hold her. Nor is this all, for, at the same time that he calculates these definite points, the judge must have eye and a thought for the great question of allowances, and he must

notice whether the hare bears "very decidedly in disfavour of one of the greyhounds." Many qualities and the very extremity of acuteness and vigilance are called for in the judge, and he is not a man to be criticised lightly; and there is much to be said for the good old rule, "If any subscriber openly impugns the decision of the judge on the ground, except by a complaint to the stewards, he shall forfeit not more than £5, nor less than £2, at the discretion of the stewards." With the quotation of this stern but salutary rule for the enforcement of good manners, these preliminary observations may well come to a close. In those which follow, it shall be my object to explain the pleasures of private coursing, to give an indication of the qualities to be sought for in a greyhound for public coursing, and generally to collect such observations as may be practical or entertaining concerning a sport of immemorial antiquity, which hardly enjoys the popularity it deserves.



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THE SLIPPER.

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CANICULUS.

## DARKENING COUNSEL.

SHE was brought up by her aunt, Lady Jane Stuart. Everyone knows that Lady Jane Stuart was one of the most agreeable old cynics who ever powdered hair or wore pince-nez; and everyone was agreed, when she adopted Kate, that the child would have a chilly time of it. And for once everyone was right. Lady Jane was quite kind to her niece—had her well taught, well dressed, well brought out, and well married. But from the time when the little black-frocked child peeped with red eyes over the banisters to see her mother's coffin carried crookedly down the stairs, she ceased to know the meaning of love as a factor in life. The coldness of Lady Jane was reflected in her household. Maids, governesses, and visitors were uniformly kind, polite, and—indifferent. And Kate's was a warm heart; in the old days, before the men in black came creeping into the house with the long coffin, she had known what it was to be loved. Judge, then, of the sudden glory that overspread her life at her first lover's first love-words; judge of the tremor of passionate, shy happiness with which she announced to Lady Jane that Mr. Rolvenden had told her that he loved her.

Lady Jane's elegant arched eyebrows quivered. "He has proposed, of course? You are not mistaking a conservatory flirtation?"

"He is coming to see you to-morrow," said Kate, lifting her chin.

Lady Jane put one delicate finger under the chin and, lifting it a little higher, looked in the girl's face till its burning blush almost brought tears to the brown eyes.

"You think you love him, I suppose?"

"I know it." Kate jerked her chin away.

"Well, you might do worse. It's a good old Kentish family, and there's

nothing against him. I will settle something reasonable on you. On the whole, I am disposed to congratulate you. It's true that a title—still, it is a fine estate."

Kate frowned. "I tell you I love him," she said.

"Tell me as much as you like," said the old lady, settling her pince-nez and staring at the bright cheeks, "only don't tell him. But perhaps you have?"

Kate's silence answered. And, for once, Lady Jane's silence replied to hers. After a while the elder woman spoke, and her voice was changed.

"I believe," she said, slowly, "that love is the only real curse of life. The primeval curse must have been love—not sin. It is love that gives everything else its sting—poverty, death, loss, change; it is love that makes them hurt. That is why I have tried to teach you to do without it. And now, at the first word from a stranger—There, don't be angry. Child, tell me truly, are you sure of yourself?"

"Yes," said Kate, and something in Lady Jane's face gave her courage to take the white, jewelled hand, and softly to kiss it. It patted her cheek, not unkindly.

"Silly sentimental child! Well, since you have fallen in love, the only thing left you is to hide it. A wicked old writer, whom it would be quite improper for you to read until after your marriage, put the whole thing in a nutshell—

"Lady, would you keep your love,

Would you still his goddess reign?

Never let him all discover,

Never let him all obtain.

If you want to keep your husband's love, be always kind, always polite, always cheerful, but never let him be quite sure that you love him."

"I have sometimes thought," said Kate, "that you do not always mean all you say."

Lady Jane laughed.

"Of course I don't. The world would be a very dull place if people only said what they meant. In this case, however, I am, for once, sincere. It may surprise you to learn, Kate, that I happen to be very fond of you. No sentiment, please. Since you have fallen in love, the knowledge of my affection will do you no harm; and I want you to be happy. Perhaps, after all, this young man's love might make you happy, if you could keep it. You will understand how much I want you to be happy when I tell you—wild horses wouldn't make me tell anyone else—that I loved my husband, and that I lost his love because I showed him mine."

Again Kate kissed the slender hand, and kept it, this time, clasped between hers.

"Mr. Stuart tired of me in six months. He ran away with a burlesque actress. That's all the story. Now good night, child, and remember, when you see your lover to-morrow, that your happiness is concerned in keeping his love—you that can throw it away if you choose—and that the process will be pleasant while it lasts. Afterwards—"

Harry Rolvenden wondered at the new coldness of his sweetheart, when he found himself alone with her after the formal interview with her guardian. He remembered the sweet charm of answering maidenly passion among the palms, where he had laid his lips to the soft freshness of hers—laying true love there, and taking thence true love. And at first the change piqued and interested him. "It is shyness," he thought, "and pride. When we are married—" So he hastened the wedding, and took his wife abroad. When, after six weeks' wanderings, they came home to Rolvenden, he said to himself that he had married a woman of ice.

Kate had laid her aunt's lesson to heart. Counsel given in the one softened moment of their long intercourse was fraught with a power stronger than the girl's affection or than the passion of the wife. Kate remembered every word. She was kind, polite, cheerful; she kissed her husband whenever he asked it; she never refused her hand to him. But she held back from her lips the pure fire that should have burned there, and her fingers lay in his hand, listless and unresponsive, while the thrill of happiness at the mere touch of his flashed to her heart and set it beating. And she congratulated herself on her success, for his love seemed to grow. His pride was awakened, and he set himself to break down this barrier of reserve and coldness which she had set between them. Never was young wife wooed with more passionate tenderness, more delicate ardour. And Kate was happy—so happy that sometimes she hardly dared to speak, lest she should find it all a dream, and should awake once more in her aunt's house, lonely and unloved.

It was like a dream in this also—that it could not last. The hunting season began, and Rolvenden welcomed the return of a familiar interest to his life, fretted and wearied by a constant conflict with an indomitable coldness. He hunted three days a week, and presently the winter dusk of the avenue ceased to be lighted by the pink of his coat as he rode homeward to dinner. His wife strained her eyes through the misty twilight, only to see at last a messenger with a note. He was dining here or there—would she excuse him? and he might, perhaps, be late.

At first this hurt Kate but little. She liked to be alone, to wander through the beautiful Elizabethan house where he had been born, and where his fathers for nine or ten generations had lived and died. She liked to see all that he had seen in his boyhood, and to wonder how it had all seemed to his childish eyes. But presently she grew tired of solitude. The people who visited her were the same whom she had found amusing and agreeable when she came first to her new home. Now they wearied her inexpressibly. Her husband, when he was with her, seemed unchanged, but he was with her less and less. It was not till the spring had come, till the primroses starred the hedges, and the wind-flowers danced among the dead leaves over the grave of winter, that Kate perceived, quite suddenly and quite clearly, that she had staked her all on Lady Jane's counsel, had staked her all, and lost.

"Is it too late?" she asked herself. "If I were to tell him all about it, to tell him how I love him, how I have always loved him, would it bring him back?" But, she reasoned with herself, if love given for love will disgust and disillusion, what of love given for indifference? "He would only hate me," she said. "Now he only doesn't care any more." And while Rolvenden still watched wistfully for some sign of the love that had once, for one brief hour among the palms, seemed his, his wife steeled herself to wear a colder aspect yet, and the breach widened.

Now Mrs. Rolvenden, like the wind-flowers, danced upon a grave—the grave of her hopes and her happiness. She who had been content, and more than content, with the stately quiet of the old house, threw it open to all comers—went everywhere, did everything, and changed, in a moon's brief space, from "that cold, haughty, unapproachable creature" to "that jolly little woman." And Rolvenden, in his sadness and disillusionment, welcomed the change, because, though it brought him no nearer to his heart's desire, it helped him to forget that desire for many an hour and many a day. But he was wretched. His castle had tumbled about his ears. Ever since the estate had come to him, he had felt that the one thing needed to complete his happiness was that which he thought his marriage had secured—a wife who loved him and whom he loved. By nature simple and domestic, affection, demonstrative affection, was a necessity to him, and since his sister's death there had been no one with whom were possible such little demonstrations as his home-loving nature craved. And this craving his wife had never satisfied. She had only added to it the bitter craving of unanswered passion. Both longings he sought to stifle in the tide of gaiety with which she now surrounded him. For two miserable years the tragic farce was played, then the crash came.

Lady Jane was dying, and Kate journeyed to London to be with her at the last. Rolvenden went to a large house-party, at his cousin's, a house-party of which Mrs. Rolvenden had refused to make one. She had chosen gaiety, but she refused licence, and at this house people were received from just the other side of the border line.

Lady Jane lay, yellow and shrunken, among the white lace and linen. She raised her tired eyelids as Kate stepped quietly into the room, still in her travelling furs, for the nurse had told her that there was little time left. Her face, framed in dark hair and dark sables, looked thin and pinched. Lady Jane feebly sought for her gold-rimmed glasses and raised them for the last time to those world-weary eyes.

"You don't look happy," she said. "I sent for you to tell you—perhaps love isn't a curse. Try the other way, child—perhaps I was wrong." And with this confession, the second only which in her long life she had allowed

herself, Lady Jane dropped the gold-rimmed glasses and shut her eyes for ever on all she had seen through them.

Kate wrote to tell her husband that she would return in two days, but, after all, she went home the next afternoon. There was nothing to stay for, and all the long way, as the train tore through the darkening wintry world, she thought and thought of Lady Jane's last words, "Perhaps I was wrong; try the other way." Perhaps even now it might not be too late. Oh! the comfort, the inexpressible relief—to speak the truth, to try in her turn to win love. Her imagination indulged her with details. She would telegraph for him in the morning quite early. He would come. She would put on the white woollen gown with the soft white fur—the one he had liked when they first came home. He had said she was like the white cat who turned into a princess, in the fairy tale, and as he said it he had looked so handsome, that she had thought "Ah! but what a prince he is!" Why hadn't she said it? Instead, she had said, coldly, "I am glad you like the gown," had put it away and never worn it again; and he had never known how she had kissed the soft white fur over and over again because her prince had praised it. Yes, she would put on the white gown, and he would come in looking a little anxious because he had feared from her telegram that she was ill. And the moment the door closed, and they were alone together, she would fling her arms around his neck and tell him everything, and they would begin again. Oh! yes, he would forgive her, and they would begin again!

So the will o' the wisp of happiness danced in front of her through the journey, and through the long dark drive from Cranbrook Station. It shone from the bright windows of her home. It mingled with the flood of light from her hall door. It did not die out when they told her that her husband had been home, had packed some things, and had just gone, leaving a letter for her. It danced in the softened light of the lamp by which she read the letter, a letter written that afternoon:—

"I cannot bear it any longer, and it is kinder to you, too, to end it. You never loved me, and you will be glad to be free. By the time you get this I shall have gone away. I can't live without love. That will be a degrading confession in your eyes, but it is true. I am going away with Mrs. Claud Damer. I don't love her, but she loves me, and I shall be happier with her than I've ever been with you. I do not mean to blame you. I suppose you could not help your cursed coldness. But I wonder why you seemed so different that first evening, in the conservatory. But it's no use wondering. Good-bye. Get a divorce if you like. Be sure to say I beat you or pinched you, or they won't grant it. I'll admit anything you like. Good-bye. Perhaps you'll meet some man you can love. Or, perhaps you have been loving someone else all the time and breaking your heart for him. I have wondered whether your aunt bullied you into marrying me, because of the money, you know. But your settlements are all right, and you can marry anyone you like. I hope you'll forgive me some day. I must have made you very unhappy. Good-bye.—HENRY."

Every word was a stab. The last the worst. She had always called him Henry—it seemed colder than Harry, his name to all his friends. She went into the hall, where a servant stood.

"Who drove your master?"

"He drove hisself, ma'am, in the cart. Simmons went to bring it back."

"To Cranbrook Station, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am, to Headcorn."

"Tell them to bring the brougham round again. I must go after him, he—he has forgotten something."

Then another long dark drive, lit by no false lights, but dark with the darkness of despair. For he had left her. He had gone away with a light woman, a woman who probably did not love him, a perilously attractive woman, who had been divorced, and had, if report were true, been the ruin of more men than she would like the world to count. It was all over. Yet through the darkness ran an electric thrill of something that was not unhappiness, for in every line of his letter she read plainly what he had sought to disguise. He loved her still—her, his wife, his unworthy wife. Even the instructions for getting the divorce touched her. "He wanted to make everything easy for me."

And now, oh! if she could only get there in time. If not, then he would be pledged to that vile woman who had already ruined three men's lives, and he would feel his honour engaged to her, to that creature, and there would be nothing left in life. If she could get to the station before his train started, and explain, and bring him back. Then a new thought laid a cold hand on her heart. Why had he gone to Headcorn instead of to Cranbrook? Headcorn was on the main line. He had gone to meet the other woman there. She had come up from that house near Dover where Mrs. Rolvenden had refused to stay. She would be at the station now, with him. If Kate spoke, she might have to speak in the presence of that woman. And for a moment her resolution faltered. Then she thought of his face as it had been in those first happy days, of his jolly laugh, his kind eyes. She let down the window.

"Don't stop," she cried, fearing the least loss of time. "Drive as hard as you can. Use the whip. Never mind the horse—it's a matter of life and death." She screamed the last words in a tone which, as Johnson said that night in the servants' hall, "went through him like a knife." He did use the whip, and when the horse, sweating and blown, drew up at the station, the up train was not yet signalled.

Kate went into the station, her heart beating so that it almost choked her, her hands in their fur gloves cold and trembling. She walked up and down the platform—he was not there. Then she went into the waiting-room. A little woman in black was sitting in a corner, crying; a man leaned towards her, holding her hand. He sprang to his feet as Kate came in, and husband and wife looked at each other. The little woman on the bench was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Rolvenden, I presume? How singularly unfortunate." Her voice was low and soft. Kate looked away from her as from a loathsome creature on which she had accidentally turned her eyes.

"Henry, can I speak to you alone?"

He looked at her moodily. "There is nothing to say," he answered. The moment was intolerable. Why had she followed to make a scene? How was it she had got his letter too soon?

The forlorn, bare, ill-lighted room, with its row of texts and its florid pictures of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, was a strange stage for such a scene in such a drama. But the two chief actors saw nothing unfitting. Only the eyes of the little woman in black took in the full incongruity of the situation. Kate drew a long breath.

"Then I must speak here. You are going away with this—lady. Do you love her?"

Harry also had pulled himself together. "As a mere matter of taste, your question is unbecoming. Please leave us. You can do no good by making a scene."



"I do not want to make a scene, but I don't want to have any mistakes. Mistakes are so hard to set right," she added, drearily.

There was a pause. An electric bell sounded; the up train was signalled. "I am going by this train," said Rolvenden, and the lines of his face were set as Kate had never seen them. "If you choose, as I said, to have a scene and to make us publicly ridiculous, you can do so. But I shall go all the same."

Then Kate suddenly drew out the letter he had written to her, and handed it to the woman in black. Rolvenden so far forgot himself as to snatch at it, but Mrs. Damer held it fast.

"What is this?" she asked, with a languid condescension that stung.

"It is my husband's farewell to me on his leaving me for you," said Kate, coldly. Mrs. Damer's eyes turned from her to him, and in that one moment Kate realised what a cruel thing she had done in giving the other woman that letter. Mrs. Damer was no fool. She could understand as Kate had done. Why had Kate given it to her? There must have been some other way.

"Don't read it!" cried the man.

And Kate, as in a dream, heard her own voice echo, "No, don't read it. Give it back to me. Don't read it—I will tell you."

For in that moment the wife had learned that whatever might be true or false about Mrs. Claud Damer, one thing at least was true—she loved Harry Rolvenden. But already the little figure stood under the flickering gas, and the small ungloved hands had turned the first page. There was silence but for the rustling of the letter as she held it. Outside was a hurry and bustle of porters and passengers. When the letter was read, Mrs. Damer laughed.

"You have won, Mrs. Rolvenden," she said. "It's no use to mince matters. I was going away with your husband because I was sorry for him, and I thought he loved me. He certainly said so." The wretched Rolvenden winced. Surely never a man on this earth had played so poor a part as this of his between the two women. "But now I know the truth, I must make a confession. I don't care a bit for your husband now I know that he isn't pining for me. It's very shocking—but there it is. I won't take the up train. I think there's a down one in a few minutes. I shall go back. Fortunately I wrote no farewell letters. My husband will see all blue, as they say in France. Mrs. Rolvenden, I really am very much obliged to you—you have done me a good turn. Good-bye, Mr. Rolvenden; we have been saved from our sins, and now we must go home like good children. Mrs. Rolvenden, you'll see me o'f, I know." So the little woman carried off an almost impossible situation. And Kate actually went with

her in silence to the farther platform, and when the train came in, put her into an empty compartment. Mrs. Damer let down the window and leaned out.

"They say a good many things about me," she said, hurriedly, "but when you hear them talk, remember I'm not so black as I'm painted. I never had much of a chance, and I've done you a good turn to-night, anyway. I understood the letter as well as you did; and I understand you better than he does. Don't be a fool! He cares for nothing but you. And there's nothing worth having in life but love—nothing, nothing! I know, for your husband is the only man I've ever cared for."

Then Kate did the obvious and sentimental thing. She leaned forward and kissed the woman who, but for the chance delay of a train, would have been her husband's mistress. And it is certain that for that kiss neither woman was the worse.

It was not till she and her husband were driving slowly through the lanes that a new fear came to her.

"Henry—that woman—you aren't bound to her—you haven't been false to me—yet?"

"No," he said, savagely. "I've not been false to you, as you call it. You've got me back again, and I hope you're satisfied."

Then Kate saw that not even yet did he know her secret. And she had the self-control to say no more, but to give him time to be glad of the return to his home—of the accustomed surroundings, the accustomed comforts, the accustomed routine. It was after dinner when they were alone in the drawing-room that she came to him where he sat turning over the *Field* and cursing himself for a fool, and put her arms round his neck. He put his arms round her mechanically.

"This is very good of you," he said, in a choked voice. "Can you really forgive me, Kate?"

Then the pent-up love and longing of all her life broke loose at last, and she clung to him, sobbing.

"It was all my fault—forgive me, my darling. My dear, my love—try to forgive me. You don't know how I love you. Oh! don't leave off loving me. Love me a little still!"

Then their faces came together, with the tears between them; and then in the happiest hour of their lives they spoke together heart to heart, and she told him all. All but one thing—and that was the other woman's secret.

E. NESBIT.

## Public School Cricket.—XIII. Haileybury.

THE Haileybury Eleven started last season with seven old colours—a somewhat unusually large number—and had a successful summer. They played eleven matches, of which they won six, drew two, and lost three.

The batting did not quite come up to expectations, and two or three batsmen who were successful in 1896 fell off considerably in their averages. For instance, J. H. R. Fraser had

an average of 29.73 in 1896, but last season he was content with 14.75, while W. T. White fell from 25.23 to 11.50, and F. E. G. Talbot from 15.22 to 4.9. Having made this little complaint, it is a pleasure to be able to say that there was much in the play of other members of the Haileybury Eleven to compensate for the occasional failures of batsmen from whom much had been expected. At any rate, the side improved considerably on the record of the previous season—when they had six losses to four wins—and are, on the whole, to be congratulated upon a good season.

The best batsmen on the side were F. C. Smith, A. H. Spooner, C. B. Smith, and A. H. C. Fergus, all of whom played good cricket on



Photo. Blake and Edgar,

Bedford.

Mr. F. E. G. TALBOT.

occasions. F. C. Smith has a good style and plenty of power, and heads the batting list with the average of 27.60. Spooner is, perhaps, the soundest batsman in the team; he has an especially good cut, and played one splendid innings of 106. Both C. B. Smith and Fergus were improving batsmen, and the former made one excellent score of 95 not out. Fraser made a good captain, but as a batsman his style is so faulty that he cannot be depended upon. C. H. Jupp is a good hitter, C. W. Allen is a fairly good batsman, with some effective strokes on the off, White will probably be much more successful next season, as he has a good style and defence, and A. T. Tooney is a cricketer who should improve.

In bowling, the Eleven were especially well off, as Talbot met with some striking successes, and secured 34 wickets, at an

average of 8.82 per wicket. In one match he got nine wickets for 31 runs. He was ably assisted by C. H. Jupp and F. C. Swaine, who took 32 and 23 wickets respectively. Swaine, however, had a great deal the better average, as his wickets were obtained at an average of 13.69, while Jupp's cost 19.78 per wicket. Swaine is a left-hand bowler of considerable ability, and will probably train into a very dangerous cricketer. Jupp is a fast bowler, and signalled his third year in the team by some very useful performances. Fergus also proved himself to be a fairly good change bowler, and he secured 18 wickets, at a cost of 13.72 per wicket.

The fielding of the team was good throughout the year, and was worthy of great praise against Cheltenham at Lord's. Spooner kept wicket pluckily during the season.

In their school matches the Eleven were not unlucky to draw with Wellington, for had not time come to their assistance, they would probably have been beaten. The most fortunate batsmen for Haileybury were Fergus 1 and 48, Fraser 38 not out and 5, and F. C. Smith 8 and 54 not out. Swaine was the best bowler. Through illness Uppingham could not play, but the Haileybury boys gained a decisive victory over Cheltenham. This was in no small measure due to the fine batting of Allen in the first innings, and Spooner, Fergus, and Jupp in the second innings, while Swaine again proved himself to be a very dangerous bowler.

At the beginning of the season the Eleven beat Mr. Bowden Smith's Eleven by 144 to 105, but the match with the Eton Ramblers was drawn, on account of the weather. A weak team of Marlborough Blues could only get 115 runs, and then had to watch Haileybury making 270 for eight wickets, Spooner contributing a century, and C. B. Smith 95 not out; and although the school only made 96 against Kensington Park, they won by 14 runs, Jupp and Talbot bowling well. M.C.C. beat the



Photo. Blake and Edgar,

Bedford.

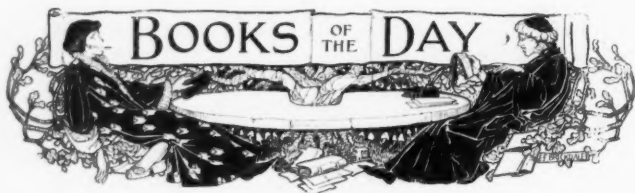
Mr. F. C. SMITH.

Eleven very easily, although Spooner batted very well, but could get no one to give him any assistance, and Mr. G. S. Paule's Eleven only suffered defeat by one run. In this match Talbot did his splendid feat of taking nine wickets for 31 runs.

Fraser has gone to Cambridge, but he will have to improve very much if he is to become a likely candidate for a place in the 'Varsity team. He is the only member of the Eleven who has gone into residence at either of the Universities. White will be captain next season, and as it will be his third year in the team, he will probably have had the experience necessary to qualify him for the post. He will have five old colours to assist him, and the Haileybury boys should certainly be a good side again, although the loss of Talbot, who will be at Sandhurst next summer, will be severely felt.

The coaching of the team was at first in the hands of Alec Watson, who was down for the first three weeks of the term, and afterwards Mills and Mee, the Notts cricketer, were the professionals, so the team had some opportunities of testing their skill against very fast bowling. Mr. Latham also took a great deal of pains with the team. On the whole, there is every chance of the improvement in Haileybury cricket being maintained, and, if Cheltenham can make a corresponding improvement, a good and interesting struggle at Lord's may be looked for next season.

C. T. S.



#### TWO STRIKING NOVELS.

THE appearance of "The Pride of Jennico" (Bentley) by "Agnes Castle and Egerton Castle"—the very order of the names of the authors has a gallant and chivalrous look—was awaited with eager confidence, for it was a thing certain that their workmanship would turn out to be good. Confidence was by no means misplaced, and I venture to predict with some assurance that this story of the later years of the eighteenth century will rank high in literature. It is hardly an historical novel; it is rather a fine and spirited romance set in a slight but elegant and accurate frame of history. It will be no act of injustice to the authors to tell so much of their cleverly-constructed plot as may whet the appetite of the reader, and, at the same time, to observe that the book itself has peculiar and individual charm by virtue of the stately language in which the diary of Basil Jennico, which is the book, is written from cover to cover. For this is a book stately, polished, and full of imaginative force, and the public cannot have too much of it. Basil Jennico was the nephew and heir of Field-Marshal Jennico, who had won Imperial rank in the Austrian Service. In a few clever touches the authors paint the Field-Marshal's portrait. Deprived of an eye, scarred by a bullet that passed through both his cheeks at Leuthen, lamed by another bullet at Hochkirch, the veteran could describe himself in cold blood, at the age of seventy-three, as being accused of having "won the lady for whom Transparencies had sued in vain, because of being the most beautiful man in the whole Kaiserlich service." His patois, a mixture of English with many tongues, is delightful, and he shall explain in his own language how he rose to eminence. "It is not to my beauty, Kerl, not to my courage, Kerl, that I owe success, but because I am geborn Jennico. When man Jennico geborn is, man is geborn to all the rest, to the beauty, to the bravery." Filled with colossal pride of race, the old Field-Marshal disinherited his elder nephew, whom he despised for accepting the peerage from Hanoverian hands, and bestowed upon Basil, his younger nephew, the huge estates of Tollendhal which he had acquired by marriage. The death scene is described with immense power.

"Then he paused a moment, looked at the clock, and said, 'It is time, János.' The heiduck instantly moved and left the room, to return promptly, ushering in a number of the retainers, who had evidently been gathered together and kept in attendance against my arrival. They ranged themselves solemnly in a row behind János; and the dying man in a feeble voice, and with the shadow of a gesture towards me, but holding them all the while under his piercing look, said two or three times, 'Your master, men, your mas'er.' Whereupon, János

leading the way, every man of them, household-steward, huntsmen, overseers, foresters, hussars, came forward, kissed my hand, and retired in silence."

So, with a last injunction to Basil not to taint the Royal blood of Jennico by marrying beneath him, the fierce old man passed, and Basil entered upon his wild kingdom of Tollendhal. Here romantic adventures came thick and fast. It chanced that Basil, wandering on his estate, came upon the Princess Ottalie and her handmaiden, and, to tell a long and beautiful story very shortly, and from his standpoint, was tricked into marrying the handmaiden, when he thought he was marrying the Princess. At first Basil resolved to make the best of his mistake, nor was it a difficult matter. Once he had kissed he was no longer a free man. "She was as proud as Lucifer before the fall, and as fearless as he when he dared defy his Creator." "She ought to have mistrusted me, shown doubt of how I would treat her, and, alas! in what words could I describe the confidence she gave me—so generous, so sublime, so guileless." It would have forced one less enamoured than myself into endeavouring to deserve it for very shame! A creature of infinite variety of moods, but never a sour one among them; the serene temper and the merriest heart that I have ever known. A laugh to make an old man young, and a smile to make a young man mad. As fresh as spring; as young and as fanciful! I never knew in what word she would answer me, what thing she would do, in what humour I should find her. Yet her tact was exquisite. She dared all and never bruised a fibre (till that last terrible day, my poor lost love!) That last day came when Basil's wife protested herself the daughter of a doctor and a chambermaid, and roused the cursed family pride of the last of the Jennico family by speaking slightly of the sacred pedigree. Then Basil waxed brutal and insulted her, and on his return from a week of nursing his anger in the forest, found his habitation desolate. The rest of the book tells us of his struggles to recover her, of wild scenes in England, and of many hair-breadth escapes from a murderous Margrave, who pursued him to England. In passing it may be observed that in this connection we are treated to some delicate sketches of club life in the English Society of those days. The scenes at White's, the wild gambling, the quaint bets, are described admirably. Again, Basil, after a duel with the Margrave, who leaves him for dead, returns to Budissin, where he knows his wife to be, and there the mystery is unveiled. The Princess and the maid had been masquerading, and had changed places; he had married not the maid but the Princess, who desired to test his love, and after a romantic escape from Budissin, they return to happiness and Tollendhal. "And I know not what came upon me, for there are joys so subtle that they unman, even as sorrows, but I fell at her feet with tears." Take it for all in all, this is as clever and as interesting a book as I have read these many months. It moves the reader deeply, and there is no fault to be found in it.

A strong book, by an author hitherto unknown to me, is "For Prince and People," by E. K. Sanders (Macmillan). Like the preceding novel, it is historical in its setting, for the scene is the Genoa of centuries ago, and the strifes of the ruling families form the background for the development of a noble and striking character. Of the love of women we read little or nothing; indeed, there is hardly a woman who is of real consequence to the action. But of the length to which the passionate hero-worship of an ardent young man towards a great man can go, no description more true or more touching can be conceived. Oberto, apparently a peasant lad, but really the son of the heir apparent of the ruling house of Doria, is the principal character. Going to Genoa, he is fascinated by Fiesco, the head of the opposition family. His devotion to Fiesco is supreme, though there are times at which the intrigues of the statesman make his pure soul shiver with disgust. At the risk of his life he interferes to prevent his idol from poisoning a rival, and is detected by Fiesco in the act. "I know the penalty and I accept it. I must needs have done this thing—I had no choice."

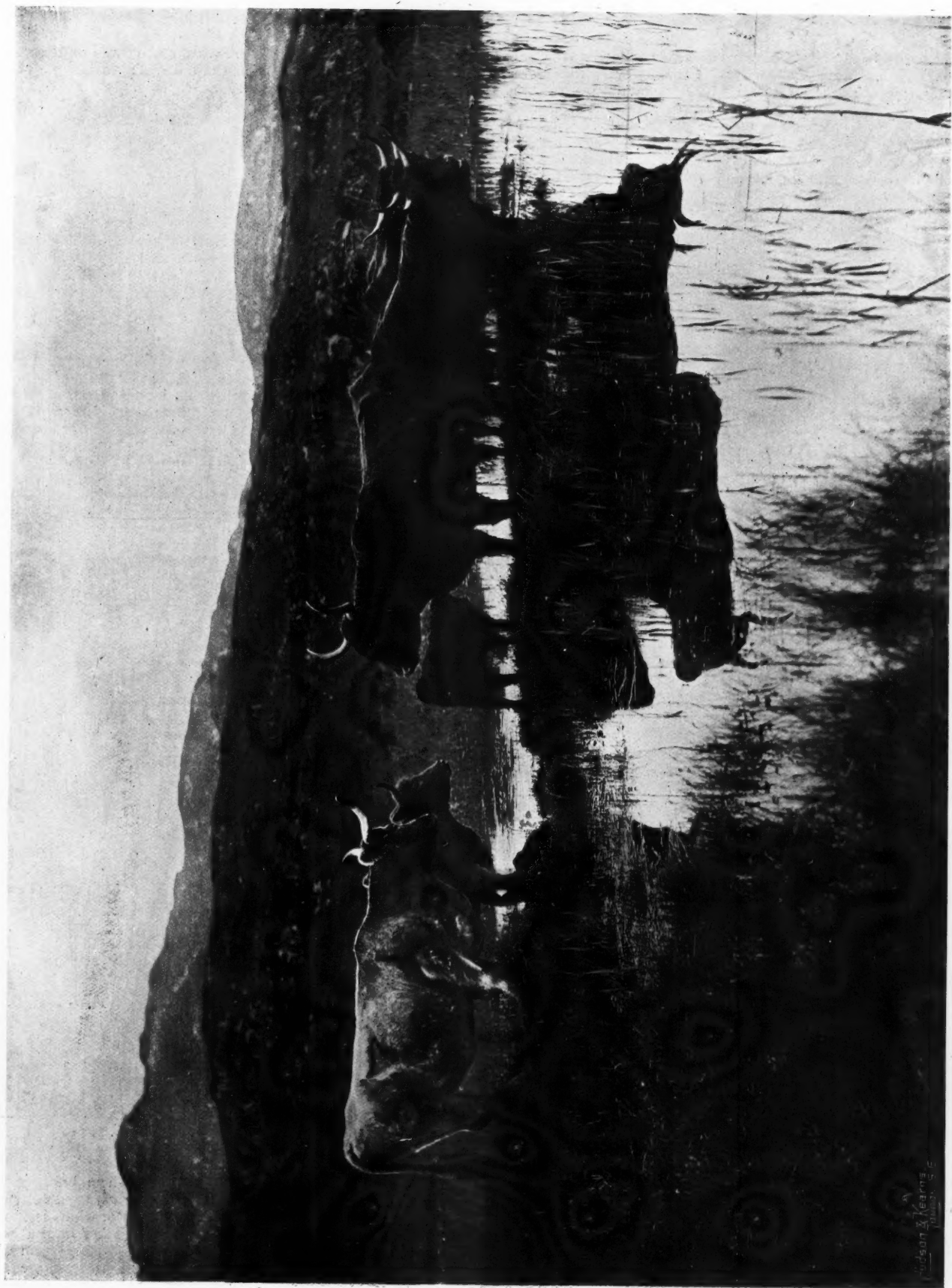
"You know the penalty," the Prince murmured, beneath his breath; and then, on a sudden, his whole face changed. "Dear God," he cried, "how smoothly would life run if there were many such as you. Is life so cheap that you would rather lose it than see me guilty of this dastard deed? Santa Maria; this is truth is love." He drew the lad towards him and looked fixedly in his face. "Yours is not the stuff to share my fortunes," he said; "what a gulf divides your soul and mine! To-night you may have ruined the labour of a lifetime, and yet I have it in my heart to thank you." To risk death at the hands of the man whom he worshipped, simply for the sake of saving that hero's honour—that is the climax of self-devotion. Yet there comes another magnificent scene. Fiesco's revolution fails, at the very moment when the battle seems won, because the leader himself perishes in the moment of victory. The Conte Doria himself is slain. Oberto falls into the hands of Andrea Doria, Prince of Melfi, and his parentage, which would entitle him to be reckoned the head of the family, after the Prince, is revealed. Face to face with death he destroys the documents which would prove his title and save his life. "Then you are once again a nameless lad," says the Prince, and offers him his choice between death and adherence to the Doria faction. "It may not be, your Excellency, I serve the Fieschi"; again, "I lived with them, Signor Principe, and I will find the strength to die with them." The dauntless boy was not killed, but surely he felt all the bitterness of death. Thus ends a novel of history that has all the dignity of tragedy, and is distinctly ennobling as well as full of interest.

## Herds of the Mountain and Moorland.

ROB ROY'S cattle, or the true Highland breed, of whose origin and habits some account appeared in a previous number of COUNTRY LIFE, are more properly the creatures of the moor than of the mountain. The big hills are open to them to climb, if they desire to do so, on those farms where sheep have not banished the Kyloe herds from the moors. But though no breed is ever found so well suited to the soil and climate of the Highlands, they frequent by choice the lower levels of the hills and the wide, shallow, heathery valleys rather than the tops, which they leave to sheep and old barren grouse. If the owner desires to see his cattle at noon, it is two to one that he will find THE HERD BY THE LOCH-SIDE, in one of these low valleys, often not more than 200ft. or 300ft. above sea level. These cattle of the Scotch moorlands present a curious contrast of habits to the real mountain breed of Switzerland. The former are wild-looking, uncared for, and almost as free as deer, and seldom handled or milked, for though

their milk is rich, it soon runs dry, yet they keep, if possible, to the low ground. The Swiss cows, sleek, smooth creatures, bred entirely for the dairy, milked twice daily, either in summer stables on the high Alps, or on the mountain-side, are inveterate mountaineers. "Excelsior" is the motto of all Swiss cows, and they commonly range as high as 6,500ft.—higher than the top of Ben Nevis. They climb like goats, dodge falling stones, and creep round corners more suited for goat tracks than for cattle paths. But perhaps the most interesting point of contrast between the Scotch and Swiss cattle is in the results on the intelligence of the two breeds of comparative freedom and rare association with man in the case of the former, and of the intensely domesticated life which the Swiss animals lead, in spite of the fact that they range at large on the mountains. The Scotch cattle, which might be expected to develop great powers of self-help, and senses and instincts more acute than usual in their semi-wild state, are neither very enterprising nor





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THE HERD BY THE LOCH-SIDE.

Photo. by Reid, Wislaw, N.E.

particularly intelligent. The Swiss cow, on the other hand, though as careful to observe its daily routine as a model young lady at a boarding school, has more gumption than any other breed, not excepting the Kerrys. When the big horn is blown in the lower valleys, as a signal that the upper pastures of the mountains are clear of snow, every cow in the village capers and lows with delight and anticipation. The *maîtresse vache* (the mistress cow) of each herd has the big bell hung on her neck, with a bunch of ribbons tied to it, and the other cows have small bells attached to leather straps round their necks. The different farms have their summer establishments on the high mountains, just as the Norwegian farms have the "sæters" on the fjelds. Attached to each is a large cow stable, sometimes very carefully built. In one of the Southern Cantons these are encircled by large walls of stone enclosing a kind of paddock. The walls have portions of stone-built roofing attached, for sheltering the cattle in the sudden storms of the Alps. But usually the mountain stable is of wood. From this every morning the "mistress cow" leads the whole herd out to pasture, choosing the road carefully, and leading her followers to such parts of the mountain as she may select for the day. In the evening the same cow leads them home to be milked. The position of *maîtresse* is strictly despotic, or rather aristocratic. The cow who can fight best takes the place, and the bell is only the insignia that she has won it. So jealous are they of their leadership, that one *maîtresse*, who had been removed to pasture at a considerable distance, has been known to return and attack another who had taken her place as leader in her old troop. The best evidence that the Swiss cattle are a true mountain breed is that, though there are flocks on the Alps, which, according to the manner of sheep, live at an even higher altitude than the cattle—sometimes as high as 9,000ft. above the sea level—the former are far more numerous, and far more prized.

In Scotland the sheep on the hills have almost displaced the

Highland cattle, showing that the latter are really, as we have already said, animals of the moorland rather than of the hills. Almost all Highland legend and gossip about domestic animals centres round sheep or sheepdogs, though these are comparatively recent intruders. In Switzerland the cows have all this branch of folk-lore to themselves. One of the most curious points is a belief in the demoniacal "lifting" of their cattle by night to distant and inaccessible parts of the mountains. This ghostly cattle stealing is known as *le transport*, and it was until recently the custom in certain Roman Catholic villages for one of the inhabitants—a layman—to say a prayer nightly to deprecate this visitation.

In most other hill districts, whether of Europe or Asia, cattle are displaced by sheep, or, still more commonly, by the flocks of goats which are almost the natural inhabitants of high and stony ground. India and the Himalayas are an exception to the rule. In Cashmere, where the winters are cold and the pastures good, there are hill cattle with short legs and thick coats like Welsh cows. In the Himalaya itself is a dwarf breed, whose acquaintance the English public first made at the opening of the Indian Exhibition at Earl's Court. They were used to draw small carts, and were hardly larger than a big Newfoundland dog. Mr. Lockwood Kipling gives some details of the origin and habits of this dwarf breed in his "Beast and Man in India." Their coats look like black or brown cotton velvet. "They pasture on the side of the great mountains, climbing almost as cleverly as goats, and their grazing paths, trodden for centuries, have covered leagues of steep slope with a scale-work pattern of wonderful regularity when seen from far."

All the pairs exhibited at Earl's Court were bought by English purchasers, who fell in love with their dainty appearance and good manners. It would be interesting to hear how they stood the climate, and whether they are still alive.

C. J. CORNISH.

## SUBMERGED ESSEX.

ONCE upon a time General Booth and Mr. Stead combined to write that well-known book "In Darkest England." The outcome of their labours, and of the unsurpassable advertisement which was given to them by hostile critics, was that a very large sum of money was placed at the disposal of Mr. Booth of the Salvation Army. This money was to be expended in rescuing as many as possible of the section of Society vividly described as the Submerged Tenth, and we have no reason to believe that it has not been spent upon that object. It is, however, a curious fact that the site chosen for a colony of the submerged, who were to "rise on stepping-stones of the dead selves to higher things," lay in a county which has the paradoxical peculiarity of being submerged always. Our illustrations, admirable pictures of a watery wilderness, show the unfortunate county in the condition of physical submergence which it assumes from time to time, to the despair of the owner of agricultural land and of the tiller of it alike. On this occasion, *Boothia Felix*, the vaunted farm-colony of the submerged was itself half-drowned, so that there was a submergence of the submerged, and the deep waters ran over the land. But the word, in its metaphorical sense, may always be applied to Essex. For years past the county has had no luck save that which was bad. Land-owners have been unable to find tenants to take land lying under an intolerable burden of tithe-rent-charge, fixed at a time when the only crops which the soil will produce, crops for which there is now next to no demand, were saleable at high prices. Nor, easy of access from the heart of London as Essex is in many parts, and beautiful as much of the county is, can owners let the farmhouses, which no farmer occupies, to men who have their occupation in London—perhaps in importing that very grain of which the plentiful supply is the despair of the farmer of English land, rich in fruitfulness, but unfruitful in



P. oto. J. W. Dick.

NEAR GREAT STAMBRIDGE.

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profits. The very house agents, or many of them, have set their faces against the county. In this connection we call to mind a true story of a conversation, the stupid futility of which is enough to make an Essex man furious. Said the seeker after a house with land: "Why should I not try Essex? Rents seem low; the scenery is lovely in parts; and the trains to town are fair." And the agent answered, "All that you say is true, but I cannot recommend you to take a place in Essex; you cannot live there." "Why not?" "Because it is not a residential neighbourhood." The blank stupidity of this long-worded explanation, which was nothing more than a pompous repetition, must bring despair to the man who desires to hope for the best, even for Essex. For, as a plain matter of fact, if you are careful to keep off the flat land, the county is delightful to live in. The soil is rich; the roses flourish amazingly, and attain perfection such as no other



county, except Hertfordshire, can show; the woodlands are superb; and some of the ancient seats, Ingatestone Hall, for example, are unsurpassable.

Still the land will not let, and the price which it realises in the market is pitifully small. Quite recently the writer was offered a farm of a little more than 100 acres, actually let at £80, and equipped with a fine old house, where one might have passed quiet and sunny days among the flowers and the birds, for £10 an acre. Only a week or two ago, a small holding of 21 acres, the kind of holding which witnesses before Royal Commissions declare to be a crying want, was sold at the same pitiable price. This, be it remembered, was land within easy reach of the greatest market in the world. In remote Ireland the mere tenant-right would have sold for nearly twice as much. It seems, indeed, as if the fair face of the county were blighted by a curse. Sometimes, for a few bright months, fortune seems to be inclined to smile; but suddenly a bolt will come from the blue, and the forces of Nature, allying themselves with the forces of economics, will spread havoc over the land. Only last summer, in the sunny week of Jubilee, when all England was joyous, Essex basked in the sunshine, and prospects were excellent. Then a tornado, hurricane, cyclone, an outburst of atmospheric fury of thoroughly tropical character, burst upon the devoted county. South of the Thames this storm was almost welcome. The writer encountered it in Kent, and, being under cover, rejoiced to think how it would slake the thirst of the cracked and dusty earth, how it would give fresh verdure to the grass and the trees, how it would inspire new vigour into the wilting flowers. But in Essex, because it was Essex, the storm raged like an avenging fury. It snapped the great forest trees like carrots, it tore off every vestige of foliage from those which remained standing, it bombarded houses and smashed their roofs to pieces, it cut the green corn into little pieces as if it had been passed through a chaff-cutter, it made the fields of turnips and potatoes assume the appearance of mud-flats exposed at low tide. It destroyed property to the value of fully £200,000; and, worse than that, it banished hope.



Photo. J. W. Dick.

HAMPTON BARNES.

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Then, in the autumn and early winter, came floods almost equally destructive. Seldom has utter and desperate desolation been expressed more completely than in these clear pictures. Little, indeed, is the effort of imagination required to realise what this plague of waters means. The pictures painted by the mocking sun tell us of arduous labour performed in vain, of hard-won money expended to no purpose. The seed that was sown in the faith that it would bear fruit, some fifty and some an hundred fold, has been swept away and wasted. The costly manures which were to stimulate the soil have been washed clear away. Many and many a stack of sweet and well-saved hay has been swept from its place and has been dispersed far and wide in the form of sodden and useless drift. Nor has the suffering and loss been that of man alone. Those who love animals will shudder to think of the hares that have perished miserably on their forms or in vain endeavours to escape the relentless flood, of the rabbits innumerable that have been drowned in their labyrinthine burrows, of the partridges that have met sudden death. Still further to exemplify the cruel irony of the situation, the Norway

rats, which are no part of our English scheme of Nature, are sure to have escaped for the most part. They burrow as neatly as a rabbit, they swim as well as a water-vole, they climb as well as a squirrel, they kill as surely as a weasel. No doubt if we could see into the recesses of those stark and water-girt trees, we should find the fierce rodents waiting for the sinking of the waters, and feeding, if hunger pinches them at all, upon one another. That which is useful has perished; that which is harmful endures. A sadder sight could not be imagined.

But even the cyclone and the flood, serious as the effects of both have been, cannot be regarded as permanent calamities. If we are to look for any sign of revival in Essex, we must turn our eyes in one of two directions. Essex must be converted either into a gathering of many pleasant houses, inhabited for the most part by men of business who come up to London every day, or it must regain agricultural prosperity. Of course, there is no reason why the two remedies should not be applied simul-



Photo. by J. W. Dick.

LINE OR CANAL?

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taneously, and there is hope, it seems to us, in both directions. The prospects of English agriculture are most distinctly improving, and there is no doubt that but for storms and floods the farmers of Essex would have done far better last year than for many years before. When we add to this our belief that the

capacities of Essex in the way of providing sites for pleasant country houses are quite equal to those of any of the home counties in the north of London, we trust that there are some grounds for hoping that Essex may be in the future, as it has been in the past, the home of a prosperous community.

## THE KENNEL: Some Ladies' Dogs.

THIS pretty group of Toy Griffons belong to Mrs. Hume Long, the mother of Mr. Walter Long, who, it is pleasant to observe, holds out hopes that the stupid muzzling order may be relaxed. A prettier group of Toy Griffons than those owned by Mrs. Hume Long it would be hard to find. To her belongs the distinction of having introduced the variety, so to speak, into England; to her is due the honour of making the breed popular. It appears that, like many other women, she rarely travels without one or other of her pets, and some few years ago, on one of her periodical visits to the South of France, she took with her a small Toy Terrier, which rewarded her affection so badly as to allow itself to be lost. No reward bringing it back, its mistress got a dealer to bring over to her villa some small Terriers for her to see, and among them was a Toy Griffon, which so fascinated Mrs. Hume Long that she at once annexed it and ordered five others of the same breed to solace her for the lost one. But the little Grifs in the photograph are not her first possessions, who pined and died soon after their arrival in Devonshire.

The dogs depicted here are little Grifs which were imported by her lately and selected for showing. Their names are:—Pixie, Fay, Cowrie, Scamp, Friponne, and Cheri, and all of them, except the two last, which are puppies, have taken prizes at London shows, and at Exeter and Plymouth. Mrs. Hume Long is one of the presidents of the Toy Griffon Club, to which she has presented a handsome challenge cup, and she formerly belonged to the Ladies' Kennel Association, but left the club during the "rumpus" of the malcontents, much to the regret of many friends in the club, who were pleased to have her amongst them.

This is evidently the day of the Scottish Terrier, if one is to judge by the tremendous entry at the Charity Show, when 70 specimens of the breed made a competition of



Photo. by E. A. Speight,

BELGIAN GRIFFONS.

Exmouth.

140 entries in the various classes of challenge, winners, open, limit, etc. The winner of all the leading honours on that occasion was Mrs. Hannay, whose enthusiasm and wonderful judgment we so well know. When I first met Mrs. Hannay her affections were entirely centred upon St. Bernards. But after she had exhibited and bred, with signal success, some champion dogs, she was disheartened by the death of two of her especial favourites, and then made up her mind to leave her first love and to take up a smaller variety. After a few months of vacillation in deciding upon a breed Mrs. Hannay selected a Scotch Terrier puppy, which turned out so well that she at once decided that her luck lay in Scottish, and thus began a series of extraordinary successes, both by way

of purchases and in the breeding of good Terriers. Mrs. Hannay stands to-day as the champion Scotch Terrier exhibitor. The picture we publish is of VILLAIN, K.C.S.B. 1230A, a son of Rascal out of St. Clair Lassie. This grand Terrier is of a sturdy build and cobby shape. His chest is deep, while his loins and hindquarters are all that can be desired; he stands on good straight legs, and his coat is of the crisp terrier texture proper to a Scotch Terrier. In addition he has a punishing jaw, a good flat skull, eyes well placed, and ears well pricked. Mrs. Hannay tells me that he is simply perfect as a companion, while his prowess as a rat killer makes him the admiration of all the farmers in the district, who frequently invite him to visit their ricks. Villain has won too many first and other prizes to enumerate, and, in addition, he has won the L.K.A. Bracelet and Premiership.

The pretty Maltese of our illustration belong to Mrs. Langton, who is photographed with them. They are Boo Boo and Vee Vee (both show dogs) and their puppies, and it is of the mother that Mrs. Langton tells many funny stories, for Vee Vee is a very vain young person, whose great pleasure lies in combing her pretty locks,



Photo. by E. G. Brewis,

VILLAIN.

Newcastle.



sitting up before the mirror to adjust them to her liking! Nothing more comical can be imagined than to see Vee Vee at her toilet, while the grace and ease with which she uses her paws as a comb is quite extraordinary, not to say professional. A. S. R.

## Notes from the Kennel.

THE show at Streatham was an excellent one in every respect, for not only was the entry a good one, but the attendance proved that in this part of suburban London dogs and their doings are of interest to a very large proportion of the inhabitants. Several unimportant classes were cancelled, and more than one generally popular section was but sparsely supported, Terriers, for instance, being much below the quality of those at Derby the previous week. Some explanation is called for in this particular case, for, with few exceptions, the leading kennels are in the South. It cannot be that the judge, Mr. George Raper, is unpopular, for as a breeder few have met with greater success; but the fact that Messrs. Tinné, Redmond, and Vicary were not represented was the subject of comment among those who had expected to find Fox-terriers one of the features of the show. The Duchess of Newcastle was a winner in this part, Claude of Notts having descended into a very taking little Terrier.

Her Grace was represented by Gardner, who has charge of the Clumber kennels, and sent down a draft of Borzoi, all in the pink of condition. The new puppy, Viborg, made a successful debut, and will, when furnished, add very materially to the prestige of the establishment. He is not yet twelve months old, but was a very easy winner. The Duchess of Newcastle has, by the way, promised to judge the variety at Leicester next month. Bulldogs, Collies, Old English Sheepdogs, and Deerhounds were excellent classes, Mr. F. W. Wilmot drawing one of the largest entries of bobtails ever seen at a suburban show. This was no doubt out of compliment to Mr. H. Dickson, one of the hon. secretaries of the show, and a very popular member of the Old English Sheepdog Club. Mr. G. R. Sims, who had taken a great interest in the show—the profits of which are, by the way, to go towards the *Refugee Children's Dinner Fund*—benched his noted dogs Barney Barnato and Lady Godiva, the former, however, being “not for competition.” The latter, although she got third prize in the only class of Dalmatians, was considerably handicapped, and was hardly in show condition. She proved a very great attraction, for few dogs have been more persistently written about in the contemporary Press.

An action to be brought by Mr. Pannure Gordon for the recovery of £100 paid for the Collie, Southfield Rightaway, will, it is to be hoped, settle, once and for all, the vexed question as to how far the faker can go in preparing dogs for show. The ruling of the Kennel Club is not sufficiently clear on this point, although flagrant cases of trimming have often been adjudicated upon and the offender severely punished. What breeders want, however, is a clear definition of where legitimate show preparation ends and faking or trimming commences. In the case in point, Mr. Pannure Gordon found, three days after the arrival of the dog in his kennel, that artificial means had been resorted to for the purpose of inducing what is considered correct ear carriage. To make quite sure of his ground he sent the dog to no fewer than four veterinary surgeons, with a request for thorough examination. All are of opinion that faking of a very bad kind has been resorted to, Mr. A. J. Sewell, however, qualifying his report by asserting that from the marks on the inside of the tips of the ears, they appear to have been heavily weighted. The vendors of the animal have refused to take the dog back, hence the pending action.

Startling news comes from Brighton to the effect that the whole of the Brighton Beagles have had to be destroyed, together with over 150 other inmates of the Home for Lost Dogs, where for some months the South Country pack had been located. Some of the latter developed rabies, no doubt contracted in Herefordshire, where up to October they were hunted, for here there was an outbreak a short time before the Sussex pack left for the South. Mr. Walter Long's pet idea that sporting dogs should be exempt from the muzzling order has thus received a decided knock, and it will be interesting to note what steps, if any, will now be taken by the Board of Agriculture. That dogs used for sport should be exempt, now that clear proof has been adduced that packs of hounds are as liable to spread disease as any other variety, is a curious anomaly, since the Brighton *exposé*.

Several very important sales were reported last week, Mr. A. George announcing at Streatham that he had induced Mr. W. H. Ford to dispose of that good Bulldog, Dandy Venn, for export to America. The Rev. Hans Hamilton has also despatched Benedick and a bitch puppy across the Atlantic, whilst another fancier of the cloth, the Rev. W. P. Blakeney, has parted with his St. Bernard, Baron Florence, in exchange for American dollars. The ruby Spaniel, Nugget, with which the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison has been so successful, is another of the expatriated canines, whilst that well-known lady exhibitor, Mrs. Armstrong, has been persuaded to part with her winning Collie, Heather Mint, now on her way across the Atlantic. Methinks the English judges at New York Show next month will see some old faces.

There is at present a boom in Yorkshire Terriers, the exceedingly pretty long-haired toys Mesdames Walton and Beard, Mrs. Foster, and Mrs. Fowler have worked so hard to popularise. A club has been formed to further the interests of the variety, the Countess of Warwick having consented to become the first president. This is a distinct score, and there is not much reason to doubt that such distinguished patronage will be the means of inducing many other Society ladies to take up the breed. Ashton Premier, a dog of late has done a lot of winning, has been sold at a big figure for export to New York, where he will be shown at the exhibition in Madison Gardens next month. One really good work the new club is instituting is the publication of a revised



Photo. by Lawrence Low,

BOO BOO, VEE VEE, AND PUPS,

St. John's Wood.

standard of points for the guidance of club and other judges. That this is needed has been abundantly proved of late years, although it is to be hoped that in compilation several of the old characteristics seldom seen in show animals of the present day will not be lost sight of in the effort to be up to date. More than one breed has been ruined by this rage for breeding to a certain standard.

BIRKDALE.



CHANCE has thrown in my way an American periodical called *Current Literature*, which consists almost entirely of extracts. Financially, no doubt, the idea is a good one, for it is cheaper to take the product of men's brains than to buy it. Moreover, the system has its advantages in these days when everybody is busy, and when horrible appliances enable a man to put in two hours of trainwork to every hour by the clock. Perhaps the neatest conception is to be found on a page which might be entitled, in sporting parlance, “Meredith at a Glance.” It is the unhappy fact that many men and women claim the title of “Meredithian” without cause, and talk as if they knew the master's work, and understood it into the bargain. Sometimes they are found out, and social humiliation follows. But our American contemporary has made the way easy for the smatterer. In two short columns it has collected together a number of aphorisms and epigrams of Mr. Meredith; and the selection is a good one. The man who learns them off by heart, and quotes them aptly now and again, may make a fine display of “culture” at small cost.

*Longmans' Magazine* for February will contain an article, of uncommon literary interest, from the pen of Mr. S. A. Strong, who is librarian to the House of Lords. Founded on the papers at Chatsworth, the article will, no doubt, have its importance from a political point of view, but for me the most exciting part of it will be a letter from Thackeray to the sixth Duke of Devonshire, of which “Vanity Fair,” and the men and women in it, are the subject. Thackeray tells the Duke how, in his imagination, the *dramatis personæ* of that wonderful book would have fared in life after he had written the word “finis” and the curtain had fallen. I cannot imagine a more fascinating piece of gossip; and does not the very fact that such a letter was written make one understand the secret of Thackeray's genius? He loved these men and women, the creatures of his brain; he was for ever thinking about them; he took a fatherly interest in them even when the book for which they were made was in the hands of the public. From this loving care it followed that his characters were, and are, absolutely and completely human; and that is why the novels of William Makepeace Thackeray will live for ever.

In England almost every critical publication, subject to considerations of space, allows the aggrieved subject of criticism to set forth his grievance. This, however, is done as of grace, and out of courtesy. In France the “right of reply” is given by law, but, as an amusing case has shown lately, it is not unlimited. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* had published a severe criticism of a play entitled “Fredegonde,” by M. Dubout, and this gentleman required the great review to publish not only a letter of reply, but also the whole of the third act of the piece. To us it seems difficult to realise that so preposterous a demand could be solemnly brought before a law court for consideration. Yet this has happened, and although M. Dubout has been very properly mulcted in costs, the “right of reply” in general has been reaffirmed in plain terms.

Mr. C. E. Kinloch Cooke, who is writing by authority the life of the much-mourned Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, has exceptional qualifications for that honourable task, for he was a frequent and welcome visitor to the White Lodge. He has also enjoyed long experience in literary pursuits, having been editor of

the *Fall Mall Gazette*, of the *Observer*, and of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. He was at one time private secretary to Lord Dunraven.

I yield to none in admiration for the Poet Laureate's prose. "The Garden that I Love" and "In Veronica's Garden" are, indeed, among the most beautiful and delicately fanciful of the publications of recent years. It is, therefore, distinctly pleasant to learn that at the Villa Cedri, in the upper valley of the Arno, he is devoting his attention to creating and polishing a third literary gem of similar character, of which a Tuscan garden is the theme.

For some reason or other the publishers seem to be less ready than usual to open the floodgates and to permit the stream of spring literature to flow into the booksellers' shops and the circulating libraries, and a survey of the list of books received by the principal literary papers during the past week is, on the whole, disappointing, since it contains little that looks appetising in the way of fiction or of more serious food for the mind. I can, however, very confidently recommend Mr. A. H. Neumann's "Elephant Hunting in East Africa," published by Mr. Rowland Ward, the well-known naturalist. The volume is one to which I hope soon to be able to direct attention in detail, since, by reason of the very large number of elephants and other big game which have fallen to Mr. Neumann's rifle, it is sure to arouse a considerable amount of discussion. Apart from the controversial question, which need not be entered upon at this moment, the book is brightly and pleasantly written, and the illustrations are capital. Another book of similar character will soon come from Messrs. Methuen. It is by Major Gibbons, and is entitled "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa." From the same house will issue also "The Niger Sources," by Colonel Trotter, whose official experience as Boundary Commissioner gives him special authority to write.

A very important work, the last volume of the correspondence of Victor Hugo, is promised in a few days. It will enjoy the honour of simultaneous publication in France, England, and the United States. In fiction Mr. Heinemann appears to be well to the fore, as usual, with Mr. Louis Zangwill's "Cleopatra the Magnificent, or the Muse of the Real," and a new work from the pen of Mr. Robert Hichens. By the way, I have had the privilege of reading in manuscript a story of some length by the latter author, which is shortly to begin to appear in these columns. I have no hesitation in saying that the brilliant writer excels himself in it, and that it is a work of striking power, pathos, and beauty.

At the moment of going to press it has happened to me to read Miss M. E. Mann's "The Cedar Star" (Hutchinson). It is, perhaps, hardly worthy of a prolonged notice, and it is not free from faults; but it is well worth reading, and Betty, the heroine, is a very striking personage. In the main the novel is essentially domestic, and the inner life of a widowed parson's household is told with much sympathy and power. But passion is not wanting, and the tragic fascination of Harringay is well described.

"Whitaker's Titled Persons, 1898," is strengthened by the amalgamation with it of "The Windsor Peerage," edited by the late Mr. Edward Walford till recently. The edition has been almost entirely re-written, and in large measure revised by the persons concerned. The result is the cheapest and most convenient directory of its kind that it has been our good fortune to light upon.

#### Books to order from the library:—

- "The Cedar Star." M. E. Mann. (Hutchinson.)
- "Traits and Confidences." Hon. E. Lawless. (Methuen.)
- "Miss Balmaine's Past." B. M. Croker. (Chatto.)
- "The War of the Worlds." H. G. Wells. (Heinemann.)
- "Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial Africa." A. H. Neumann. (Rowland Ward.)
- "The Two Duchesses." Vere Foster. (Blackie.)

LOOKER-ON.

## O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

WITH regard to Sir John Amory's great run of the 15th inst., of which several daily papers have taken note, I have a letter from a hunting friend in Devonshire, from which a few extracts are given here, as I think the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* may like to have an eye-witness's story of that memorable chase:—"You will envy me when I say that I saw, more or less, nearly the whole of that hunt, so far as one man on one horse could do so. The horse was the colt I bred out of the old polo pony mare. He is 15.2, or it may be a bit more, and is a wonderful stayer, and can go fairly fast, too. I did not actually see the find, as no deer had been harboured, and I thought tufting might be a long business. It is, however, the unexpected which always happens, and I had barely settled myself to a comfortable pipe, when I heard the tufters running hard. 'A good scent and close to the hind, too,' a farmer remarked. We were all ready when at ten minutes to one the master—Mr. Ian Heathcote Amory—came back for the pack, and it was with the eagerness and dash that mean that the deer is not far in front that hounds took up the line. They drove their hind so fast, and kept so close on her line, that her turns and twists served her but little. She ringed about a good deal, and very pretty hunting it was. At a sharp turn a leading hound or two would overrun the line, then to the right or left another hound would swing out, throwing his tongue, and the whole pack scored, to cry beautifully, and were soon going as hard as ever. . . . The hind first soiled in the Exe, at some distance above Chain Bridge, and she went down stream for some distance, a manoeuvre she repeated several times during the chase, going sometimes in the water and sometimes along the bank on the meadows, but never shaking off the pack. It was a magnificent hunt, hounds doing all the work, and, so far as I know, they were only cast once, and that just before the end. This game hind was killed near Knowstone Mill, just after four o'clock. The distance covered by hounds was quite thirty-six miles, some say more, and the time about four hours and a-half. It was the finest hunt I ever saw in my life."

The Coplow is one of the Leicestershire man's best friends. With Tilton Spire, and the trees atop of Wadborough, it forms one of the three great landmarks of the country. Many a time have I looked up, and, seeing its rounded form blue or grey in the distance, been able to steer a judicious course over a country which those get over most safely, on the whole, who know it best. Foxes are welcome in the Coplow coverts, and often avail themselves of its friendly shelter, and the good chance of a change. As a meeting-place it is unrivalled, for the scene is picturesque, the subsequent find is all but a certainty, and the country round is good. But last Monday fog enshrouded it, and so thick and dense was the mist that hunting was out of the question. Somehow

or other, several people knew that it would be worth while to repair thither on Thursday last. The worst clothes and the best horse were ordered, and when I got into the road between the Coplow and Botany Bay, I heard the voice of our master, the low note of the horn, and the crack of the whips, which told me hounds were drawing. Down the middle ride to the left, just as a long-drawn note told that the covert is blank. But there is still hope, for news comes that a fox lies in a furrow not far off. This makes the start a good one, so good, indeed, that unless the fox had managed a check, another five minutes would have seen him caught and disposed of. So he ran the road, and hounds had to puzzle out the line very steadily. Lord Lonsdale was as gentle and patient as a huntsman must be, and hounds worked slowly on. A holloa forward helped a little, but it seemed as though all the foxes in the country were in front of us. There were three, if not more. But it was soon all right, for from a small spinney not far from Lowesby, Lord Lonsdale got hounds settled to a good fox, and, with but a slight hesitation now and again, hardly to be called a check, the pack raced off, and killed a beaten fox in Ashby Pastures.

The afternoon fox was an outlier, like the one in the morning, and again hounds, being close to their fox, went away very fast. So fast, indeed, that I was fain to stop until they checked. I am not young enough or thoughtless enough to care to ride a beaten horse over Leicestershire. And after the open season we have had, two horses are only luxuries for the rich or reckless.

The company was better than the sport with the Cottesmore on Tuesday, when we met at Knossington, the pleasant village with the handsome grey Gothic house on the brow of the hill. But one of the chief attractions of Knossington is that Ranksborough is generally in the programme of the day. I would suggest, by the way, that anyone who doubts the benefits of hunting should be taken to meet the Cottesmore hounds on a Tuesday, and that an estimate of the annual expenditure in the neighbourhood of that well-dressed and well-mounted crowd should be made for his benefit. One of the reasons for such a crowd was that people were collecting house parties for Mr. E. Cassel's ball at Dally. Everyone who was there two seasons ago wanted to go again, and many others besides. But to return to serious business. Ranksborough gave the first fox. Now on these big days you want a bold fox which will go straight away for ten minutes, but what we did get was an animal perfectly aware, apparently, that there was but an indifferent scent. So he turned and twisted, and ran up hedgerows and down fences, and eventually got away altogether. From Cold Overton Wood we had a bolder fox, and had the scent been better there would have been a nicer run, as the fox took a wide line out over the Langham fields; but he worked back to Cold Overton Wood, where scent faded away. Foxes, I have noticed, when once they find you cannot press them, almost invariably work back homewards.

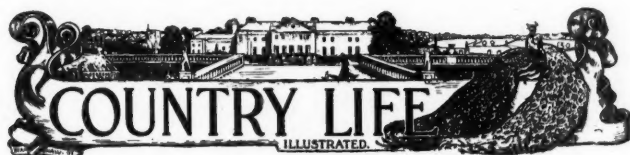
The Pytchley on Wednesday is, as all the world knows, one of the great days of the Shires. Why do we all seek our sport in crowds? Fashion is one answer, and it is no doubt a reason for the presence of some people. But others there are who are always at these fashionable meets, who go for sport only, and who, if you could read their thoughts, would far prefer as few people as possible. The solid reason for their presence is in the known superiority of the Wednesday country, and the chances of sport from its coverts, which are really good. After all, crowds out hunting do not matter so very much when the sport is good, and when it is not—why, nothing signifies. Ten minutes of real galloping will thin the largest field, galloping mind, not jumping, for more men will jump a big fence than will gallop really hard after hounds. Well, after ten minutes at a really fast pace, you can enjoy yourself as much as you will, if you are there, of course. The meet was at 9.30 a.m., a time I delight in. There is no hardship. Breakfast at 8; polo pony 8.30; ten miles in an hour and a-quarter, and you don't lose all those early morning hours which are the best of the day for sport. But if the powers that be thought to lessen the throng by early hours, they were mistaken, for there were just as many people as ever. The belated ones were a nuisance, too, for some late comers headed a bold fox, which was blown, flurried, and baffled, and fell a far too easy victim at the Hemplow. By the way, I never said he was found at Stanford. There was to be yet another disappointment before the gallop of the day came. Lord Spencer was out with all his usual air of being just out for a day's hunting when home from Eton. At all events, he would not have looked or felt keener in those bygone days. The Red Earl watched eagerly while his own covert of Elkington was being drawn. Gone away! but between fox and hounds came a too eager field, and the intervention of a collie dog stopped all chance of sport. From Yelvertoft Field side came on a good fox and a better scent—how could there help being a scent over these rich green fields! The fences came quick and fast, and the happy envious moments flew by till we came to a check at West Haddon. Was it really nearly three-quarters of an hour? A good pace it was, I know, but not extraordinarily fast, for the horse I rode, though a confidential fencer, is a little "troubled with the slows," and would not have been where he was in a really fast run.

For those who had to cross the downs to gain the meet of the Southdown at Tottington on Friday, there was much speculation as to the results of the ride, for it seemed doubtful if hounds would be able to hunt, as the hills were shrouded in fog, while if the vale country had been enveloped in such a thick canopy, there could have been no sport. Fortunately, however, the atmosphere of the Weald was comparatively clear, so hounds were put into Tottington Wood, where they quickly had a fox on foot. At first he seemed to be disinclined to leave the cover, and there was apparently little scent to enable hounds to make him change his mind; but by dint of much perseverance Wadsley at length succeeded in forcing his fox into the open. Hounds now ran in a westerly direction until they arrived at the bank of the Adur, where the fox turned short back. Scent now seemed to improve somewhat. This enabled the little bitches to hunt their quarry merrily over the grass fields by Old Wood and Edlurton, until they had nearly reached Shaves Wood. At this point of the run the fox got headed, which enabled him to make good his escape. X.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY VIOLET BRASSEY, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is the second daughter of the Earl of March and granddaughter of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She married Mr. Henry Brassey, eldest surviving son of Mr. Henry Brassey, of Preston Hall, in 1894, and one son has been born to the young couple. Lady Violet is only twenty-three.





THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Volumes I. and II. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready. Cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; or, half morocco, 25s. each.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of unsuitable contributions, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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## Football Amenities.

PROFESSIONALISM in its grosser forms is not a pleasant instance of the decay of some Anglo-Saxon virtues, nor, indeed, is the rapidity of its rise in England an encouraging sign of the times. At this moment a new crisis is imminent, and both tact and vigour will be needed by the bodies that control the destinies of our games in order to prevent the worse possibilities of its development. The contest that the Rugby Union is now engaged in is disagreeably similar in some respects to that which was fought and lost some years back by the keener supporters of amateurism in the Association game. There was a chance of maintaining the purity of the amateur in those days, but those who then struggled for the honour of the game were hampered by the timidity of a large section of amateurs in breaking abruptly with professionalism, and by the unfortunate constitution of the Association which has constituted itself supreme. Since those days the majority on that Association has devoted itself more and more to the interests of professional players, although it is still nominally in full authority over amateurs. In spite of the good work of the London Association, to which a majority of amateur clubs are now affiliated, the baneful effects of this head council are becoming daily more apparent, and the professional, having planted his foot well down, will keep it there.

The present parlous state of the Association game and the causes that have produced it are worthy of mention, because of the hints they supply towards the management of the crisis in the sister game. But the Rugby Union has a chance which the Football Association never had. It is a well-selected, a constitutionally powerful, and a thoroughly sportsmanlike body, and should possess as much power as will to maintain the sincerity of amateurism. It is, however, at the present moment committing itself to a line of action that rather baffles the intelligence of its supporters. Of course, the Union is compelled, both by loyalty and motives of interest, to support the International Board even in its mistakes, and few will deny that the Board made such a mistake of policy last year in the matter of Gould. But, fortunately, after the few first fulminations a welcome display of tact on both sides brought about an informal reconciliation, and it was hoped that an approaching International match would conclude the ceremony of burying the hatchet. We had almost forgotten the incident, when our memory was suddenly and disagreeably revived by the sending round of this card forbidding Gould to play for English clubs. The action intended to support the policy of the Board will, in fact, much increase its difficulties, for this reason. The original charge of professionalism against Gould was technical rather than essential, and on that ground, as was granted, would much better have been dropped. It is not disputed that anything in the way of compromise would be as bad or worse in Rugby than in Association, but to exaggerate the definition and extent of professionalism is not the best method of preventing compromise. Moreover, to ordain that a man may play for Welsh clubs against English, but not for English clubs, is, not to put too fine a point on it, absurd.

The prime difficulty both in the case of Gould and in the disputes with the Northern Union—the broken-timers, as they call themselves—arises from the fact that the stand against veiled and open professionalism was not made soon enough. The evils were in existence very many years before any attempt was made to cope with them. We all regret the procrastination, but it is not therefore the height of wisdom to make as abrupt a change as possible suddenly. Reformation is imperative, but not necessarily "in a flood." There is no reason why the new laws laid down should be retrospective, or apply to persons who have transgressed unwittingly. For instance, a certain number of clubs have lately been almost forced into joining the Northern Union—with which they were formerly not in sympathy—because, all chance of reinstatement in the English Union being cut off, they had no choice between giving up the game altogether and going over to professionalism.

But though the English Union may have committed faults of generalship, no one will deny that its motive and main contention is beyond cavil. It does not do for amateurs and professionals to meet on the football field. The comparison with cricket, so often quoted, is not really analogous. The cricket professional on the whole is a good product, a keen player, something of a gentleman, and a distinct help to the game that supports him. He teaches in schools, but no schoolmaster on earth would permit the typical football professional in his playing fields. Again, at football, the fact of contact makes all the difference. The usual Association professional has continual resort to heel-treading, elbowing, tripping, and a variety of little tricks too insidious and frequent to be liable to that cacophonous ejaculation "foul." If rarely his play deviates into the gentlemanlike, it is on the occasion of some match with amateurs, or of "a friendly," in which he is "not such a fool as to play his best." If such amenities as these are frequent in Association, it is appalling to think what would happen to amateurs if they met professionals at the Rugby game, where the scope for foul play is almost unlimited. But fortunately it is fast becoming impossible for the two to meet, now that the Northern Union has insisted on introducing important alterations in the rules; they even punt out of touch!

It will be a very desirable consummation if this difference between the amateur and professional rules becomes yet more marked. We may then look forward to a day when amateurs will be free to play, watch, and read of their game without the danger of being faced by any of the smallest professional or pecuniary element; and if ever attention is directed to the doings of professionals, it will only be prompted by that vague interest which we are apt to bestow on impersonal or adventitious displays beyond the region of personal experience.

We cannot kill professionalism, but we can hamper its growth and isolate its infection. For the moment there is every sign that its growth in the North and elsewhere may be for a time rapid; but there is also an opposite and hopeful sign in the increasing interest aroused by the County Championship. For it is in local patriotism that professionalism should find its most powerful enemy, just as contrariwise its most essential support is the unscrupulous practice of bribing efficient players to abandon the poverty of their own local clubs. That, of course, is the absolute negation of local patriotism.

## COUNTRY NOTES.

LAST week Christ Church, the noble community that Wolsey established in a stately home at Oxford, mourned for "Lewis Carroll," the most modest man who ever moved the world to innocent laughter, and thereby did it infinitely good service. This week the quiet corner in which Dr. Pusey's son lies at rest has received the body of Dean Liddell. The Dean had retired from office some years ago, being succeeded by that brilliant scholar from Shrewsbury School and son of Sir James Paget, the great surgeon, who still presides over the destinies of the "House." Estimable, however, as Dean Paget is, the name and the figure of Dean Liddell will be remembered most vividly by the many eminent men in Church and State who have passed through Christ Church during their early manhood.

Dean Liddell was a majestic head of a great college. His real interests lay in profound scholarship, and he was to be seen almost every day walking in stately fashion to the library in Peckwater, where he used to spend laborious hours in endeavouring to improve that monumental work, the lexicon of Liddell and Scott. Unkind things were said of that lexicon, for the old time rhyme, differing from that which has been quoted *ad nauseam* recently, was

"That which was good was written by Scott,  
That which was written by Liddell was not."

But, of course, nobody really knew anything more than that the work itself was full of splendid scholarship and worthy to render its authors famous.

Liddell never attempted to exercise over the members of the House the same kind of personal influence that made Jowett of Balliol powerful to shape the characters of the men who, by their birth or by their talents, were likely to take high place in the world. Oxford and the House, for many generations of undergraduate life, regarded him as an august figure, as a man to be pointed at proudly with the words, "That is the Dean of Christ Church; how nobly he fills the part." Except in the case of his intimates, and they were very few in number, he inspired respect, admiration, almost fear, rather than affection. It was not he but Gaisford who, when the Dean of some other college "presented his compliments to the Dean of Christ Church," replied, "Alexander the Great presents his compliments to Alexander the Coppersmith." It was Gaisford also who, when the Bishop of Oxford claimed a right to preach in the cathedral, which can be reached only through the gates of Christ Church, said, "he may enter my Cathedral, but I will close the gates of my House." But Dean Liddell, instinct with grand belief in the dignity of the college of which he was the head, looked as if he might have been the author of either saying.

In the progress of the men under his charge he may, perhaps, have taken some interest; but he showed none, and when each individual in the college went before him at Collections he sometimes made strange errors. We remember one striking case. An innocent, industrious undergraduate, not over-supplied with brains, stood before the Dean and the assembled dons. "Mr. —, you have failed in your responsions." The tutor sitting by the Dean whispered a correction which was misunderstood. "No, you have failed in your divinity examination." "Mr. Dean, I am glad to say I have not failed in anything." Quoth the Dean, with frowning face, "Then you ought to have failed." But in spite of this, and though he seemed hardly to know the general run of undergraduates by sight, he was respected by all, principally, perhaps, because he was so dignified in appearance, and because in administering justice he was no respecter of persons. Thus a nameless undergraduate and a Censor of the House who had "gated" him differed as to the hour at which the gate began. The undergraduate vowed that it was nine, the Censor declared it was seven. The younger man came in next night at nine and received a curt note directing him to meet the Censor at the Deanery door next morning. Each stated his case before that august judge. "There was always a dispute on that point; good morning to you both," said the Dean. And the undergraduate went away triumphant. It was said also that he "sent down" an undergraduate, since married to one of his daughters, for returning late from Blenheim in Mr. Liddell's carriage.

We regret that the frontispiece to our last issue was wrongly described. The portrait really represented Mrs. St. John Charlton of Cholmondeley, Malpas, Cheshire, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. Hughes of Kimmel and Lady Florentia Hughes. Mrs. Charlton's sister, the Hon. Mary Hughes, is Maid of Honour to the Queen. Mr. St. John Charlton is a member of one of the oldest Shropshire families, for the Charltons have been settled in the county since 1177, first at Charlton Castle, near Wellington, and later at Appleby Castle in Salop.

On Tuesday the world read sorrowfully the account of the finding of the body of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, and of its burial at Rawal Pindi; and on the same morning was published a letter highly characteristic in parts; saddening by reason of the high spirits, now quenched for ever, which it discloses; and—as to the rest—a document which it was perhaps undesirable to make public. In the earlier part, the hall porter of "the Senior" is asked to make arrangements for Sir Henry's lodgings till Easter, and one reflects how manifold are the duties of hall porters. Then we learn that, at the moment of writing from Ali Musjid, though it was "pitch dark, raining hard, and a little snow falling," Sir Henry was "gay as a bird." In truth he always was in the best of spirits. But then comes some criticism of the frontier operations, of a kind likely to interest our enemies, meant to be shown to Sir William Olpherts, V.C., and some others. No one who has ever seen Sir Henry and Sir William Olpherts together at the Lucknow dinner, and has heard the room re-echo with cries of "Havelock!" "Oudram!" will read the reference to Sir William Olpherts unmoved. But Sir Henry specified the men to whom the letter might be shown; he did not include the whole world in his confidence.

The Rev. Henry Good, who died last week at Weston-super-Mare, at the ripe age of ninety-nine, was no doubt the oldest clergyman in the Church of England. He began life as a midshipman, and served during the Peninsular War, but he was ordained in 1823, and was universally beloved at Wimborne, where he was senior priest-vicar of the Royal Peculiar Collegiate Church. The *Westminster Gazette* reminds us that Mr. Good had lived under no less than seven Primates.

It is rather amusing to note that the restrictions relating to the importation of sealskins into the United States do not alarm English furriers in the slightest. The secret of dyeing the fur in the best manner—and we may be sure that American women are certain to set their hearts on fur so dyed—is absolutely English, and is known to two firms only. In some mysterious way the process is so conducted that while the skin is bleached white the fur itself assumes the rich colour which makes it the most beautiful of warm coverings. The best coats must, therefore, continue to come from England. But there has been no wholesale trade in them at any time. American ladies, like American men, buy their clothes in England individually, and they will no doubt continue to do so. Whether they will have to pay duty according to the Dingley Tariff, or whether the custom house authorities will wink at evasions, is a matter of perfect indifference to the English furrier, who knows perfectly well that mere expense has never been a bar to the acquisition by a woman of that which she wants. Sometimes, indeed, it is an inducement to buy.

Now is the time for the enterprising farmer to prepare for fine samples of barley next harvest. The proper time to sow barley is that very day when the soil is dry enough to work into a fine tilth after February has come in. Given a good stock of seed, that is the only way to secure fine malting samples. The demand for this class of barley is as good as ever, and there is no reason why we should not play up for the demand. As it is, many of the maltsters have to go to Saale for their finest barleys to make the highest grades of malt for the best beers. Therefore, as soon as the land intended for barley is dry enough to work, let the grain be sown. As to the seed, growers must be guided by local circumstances. But having ascertained what class of barley suits their soil best, there ought to be no expense spared to get the very best and truest sample of that barley to sow. A few shillings per acre in the cost of seed may easily make ten or fifteen shillings a quarter difference in the value of the crop.

The trade in corn continues to harden, and values are well maintained. The slight slackness of the beginning of the past week was due more to the mild weather than anything else. The trade for meat has for this same reason been very bad. Damp and mild weather is all against the butcher, and feeders are complaining that there is little or no profit in making meat. One reason for this is the high price of store cattle, which ought to direct attention to breeding. Why should not farmers breed their own store cattle? Dairying is, under proper conditions, a paying industry, and, with a little trouble, there ought to be no difficulty in rearing sufficient calves to supply all the store stock needed.

Motor cars and bicycles have played havoc with the price of certain classes of horses, such as light hackneys and roadsters, but Shires seem to keep up their price well. There appears to be a constant demand for heavy draught horses, at good and remunerative prices.



The lambing season has begun in some of the early districts, and there are complaints of losses from abortion. This is probably due to the amount of green food which is available for the ewes during this extraordinary winter. A change to drier and less succulent food is often of great benefit on occasions like this. The fall of lambs is said to be good.

All those who love good orchids will be interested in a recent case in the Courts which came on by way of appeal. A purchaser of an alleged *Cattleya Acklandiae alba* for twenty guineas received with it a guarantee of its species. Two years passed, and then the sulky plant turned out to be a flower of another colour. The County Court judge thought that twenty guineas and interest ought to satisfy the purchaser. Not so the High Court, and the case has gone back for a new trial. We suggest that the purchaser should now claim first what the plant would have been worth if it had been a *Cattleya*; secondly, the cost of housing it for two years; thirdly, damages for shock to the system. In future, also, the vendor will be well advised to avoid guarantees.

It is intended to exhibit a complete representative collection of the game birds of the world in the bird galleries at the South Kensington Museum. The examples now on view show that the collection will be of great interest to sportsmen. Special attention is paid to life-like stuffing and correct colouring of the skin, beak, and legs, and to the set of the feathers. The francolins, Asiatic and Arabian partridges, and Norwegian and Siberian grouse, will awaken pleasant reminiscences of sport in other lands, and encourage further expeditions. It is much to be hoped that a separate set of the game birds of North America will also be added to the list.

One of the central cases is very suggestive. It contains specimens of hybrids between different species of pheasant. Most of these interbreed, and the hybrids are fertile. Some, like the cross between the golden pheasant and Amherst pheasant, are interesting rather to the naturalist than to the sportsman. But the crosses of the common pheasant and Reeves's pheasant are of practical value. They are simply a much larger and more beautiful common pheasant, usually with no white in the plumage, a very long tail, and a prevailing tint of the most splendid tawny port-wine colour, shot with coppery lights. Comparing these with other specimens at Dublin, and those which are sometimes exhibited in Leadenhall, we should say that the results of this cross are very nearly constant in colour, and would be a splendid addition to our coverts.

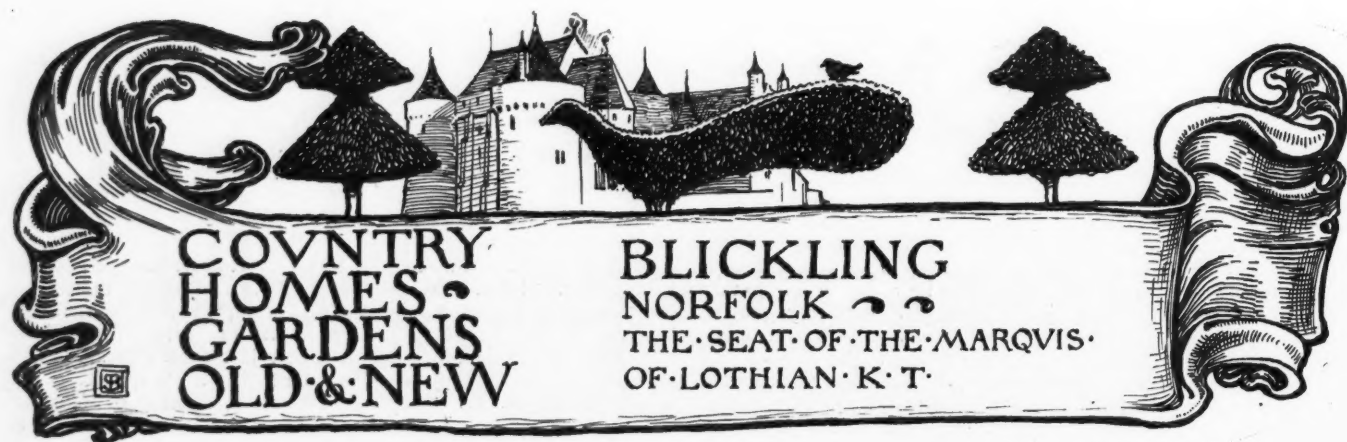
"With Stoddart in Australia" has come to be a paragraph heading in our newspapers under which we have learned to read disaster. The defeat of the powerful English team in the two last test matches has been nothing short of disastrous. And yet, in these very columns, the opinion was quoted of a captain of a former English Eleven in Australia, to the effect that the present was the strongest side that had ever been sent out there. And that opinion must stand good, in spite of the sad reverses that our national pride has to accept. On the other hand, there is much to be said by way of explanation. The losing of the toss has been a misfortune that can scarcely be gauged—infinite heavier in these matches that knew no limit of time than in our three-day affairs. To go in against such a vast total as the Colonials have twice compiled, is absolutely heart-breaking. The excessive heat, too, has no doubt been a factor in the result. It has been too much for some of the Australians even, who are to the manner born; how much more must it have told on the energies of those who are accustomed to the glorious uncertainties of our insular climate? The Australian batting has been marvellously fine, as a run-getting business, but as a spectacle it must have been tedious beyond belief. It is the batting of men who know that they have all time before them in which to make their runs, and is slow, if sure, to exasperation. Ranjitsinhji's prolonged throat trouble has no doubt weakened his power, though he has done yeoman's service in its despite. On the whole, though we must grieve over our reverses, we can make many quite legitimate explanations to account for them. None of them, however, detract, by a single run, from the immense merit of the Australian victories.

On the river Shannon, and particularly where it widens out into the noble Lough Derg, cormorants are very plentiful, and evidently must be taking a pretty heavy toll of the fish. Mr. Mackey, at a recent meeting of the Limerick Fishery Conservators, drew attention to this matter, and suggested that measures should be adopted for the destruction of these birds. He stated that the cormorants frequented the river and its tributaries in great numbers, and it was calculated that one bird alone devoured as much as 800lb. of fish in one year. It was decided to pay 1s. for the head of every cormorant brought to the Conservators.

The forthcoming sales of greyhounds at the Barbican are likely to prove the most important of the season, the whole of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's kennel (considerably over thirty lots), a draft of the same number from Mr. T. F. Waters, and part of Mr. J. Russel's string affording those on the look-out for greyhounds to fill Waterloo nominations a good chance of securing fit representatives. The two latter gentlemen are simply over-stocked, both having a large number of saplings coming in from walk, but after the recent fine displays of White Hawk, it is rather surprising to find this game son of Falconer included in the lot to be sent up to the Barbican. It may, however, be taken for granted that there is a better one in the kennel, and this one is said to be his litter sister, Wilful Maid, who last season divided the North and South Lancashire Stakes with White Hawk. The running of the latter at Altcar last week was most satisfactory, and the way in which he ran his trials and eventually beat Mr. A. H. Jones's Just Manned, another of Falconer's stock, augurs well for keen bidding at the Barbican. Sir Humphrey de Trafford has indeed had hard luck since he re-entered the ranks of active coursers, but having found his kennels at Barton not quite suitable for the accommodation of running dogs, and having no convenience at the place he has taken at Market Harborough, he is acting wisely in clearing out. All are to be sold without reserve.

Altcar was disappointing in that no prominent candidate for Waterloo honours was out. White Hawk ran an exposed dog, and he will most certainly fulfil a nomination next month, but it is not certain that the Messrs. Fawcett—who divided a stake—Mr. L. Pilkington, or Sir William Anstruther ran the pick of their kennels, and one must wait for the Ridgway and South Lancashire meetings to discover the strength of these famous establishments. Mr. J. Russel had his second string at the meeting, for it is now almost certain that Realism will not run, but he was unlucky, whilst Mr. R. F. Gladstone was worthily represented by Green Nut and Green Date, both in divisions, and capable of "telling a tale" when put against Generalissimo and Green Diamond in a home trial. Good judges, however, incline to the opinion that the key to the situation is held by Sir Thomas Brocklebank, whose Black Veil, a most shapely Young Fullerton bitch, was quietly backed at long odds last week. She was unfortunate in last season's Waterloo Cup, for, getting into the semi-final, she was knocked out by Gallant, after leading the ultimate winner to the hare. At Corrie she established a big reputation by winning the much-coveted cup. Rumour—which is not always wrong—has it that she has improved marvellously since last season. It would be rather singular were she to win the highest honours during her owner's first year's presidency of the Altcar Club. He was last week elected to take the place of the late Earl of Sefton.

Snipe have been very fairly plentiful this year, notwithstanding the mild weather. It is a common fallacy to suppose that a fair bag of these little birds is only to be made in frosty weather. It is true, of course, that at those times when the greater part of the marshland is frozen hard, they will collect in such favoured spots as do not come under the influence of frost—beside the running brooks, and down by the sea, where frost is less severe—but the number of snipe in the country is probably very little affected by the weather. The weather affects their distribution, so that those who seek for them only in those places that are exceptionally free from frost will find them there in numbers in a hard winter, and thence draw the conclusion that they are everywhere numerous. But in the open weather, such as we have been blessed with this winter—so far, let us say, as it has gone—the snipe are far scattered, so that if the snipe shooter in special has had fewer than his normal number, this has been made good by the birds that have casually fallen to shooters in search of various game. As a rule the inexperienced sportsman errs by approaching all game without due regard to the direction of the wind and their power of smell. We see a hopeful pair of guns expecting rabbits to bolt when the ferrets are put in and the men station themselves directly to windward of the buries. This is putting too much faith in the rabbit's simplicity, and, as a general rule, it is to be said that all wild animals are more easily approached directly up wind. The case with snipe is an exception. Birds in general seem less acute of smell than furred game, their keen vision and hearing no doubt being normally sufficient to warn them of danger's approach; but with snipe in particular it is advisable to approach down wind. They will then lie closest, because of their objection to rising in any other direction than up the wind, which aids them to rise in the air. Jack snipe especially will lie very close when thus approached, trusting no doubt to being unobserved, and hoping that the danger may pass them by. Snipe, too, fly less "snipily," with fewer and slower twists and turns, in the mild than in the frosty weather, and this is a factor of importance in the making up of the bag.



**B**LICKLING is a place of many-sided interest. We cannot forget that it has been the home of several notable figures in history. To look at the house, or at the counterfeit presentments of it here, you recognise it at once as a famous example of architecture. You are no less apprised that it stands very high as possessing one of the fairest gardens in the land. And you see, too—unlike some old places, where moats are choked and weed-grown, where envious grass invades the pathways, and where black, damp moss clings to mouldering balustrade and urn—that this is a place which it is a pleasure to maintain, where graceful minds have conceived new beauties, and where loving hands labour pleasantly at their garden toil. It is from the point of view of its gardens that we approach Blickling in this article and its successor. We are to endeavour, as it were, to walk in the scented pathways, to linger in fragrant bowers, to sit where the blossoms are showering, to explore the sylvan glades, and admire the noble trees.

But it were a churlish thing not first to linger in the house a while. Its very frontal challenges us as we knock. There are heraldic memorials of Hobarts, and reminders of unfortunate Boleyns. But before either Hobarts came or Boleyns went,

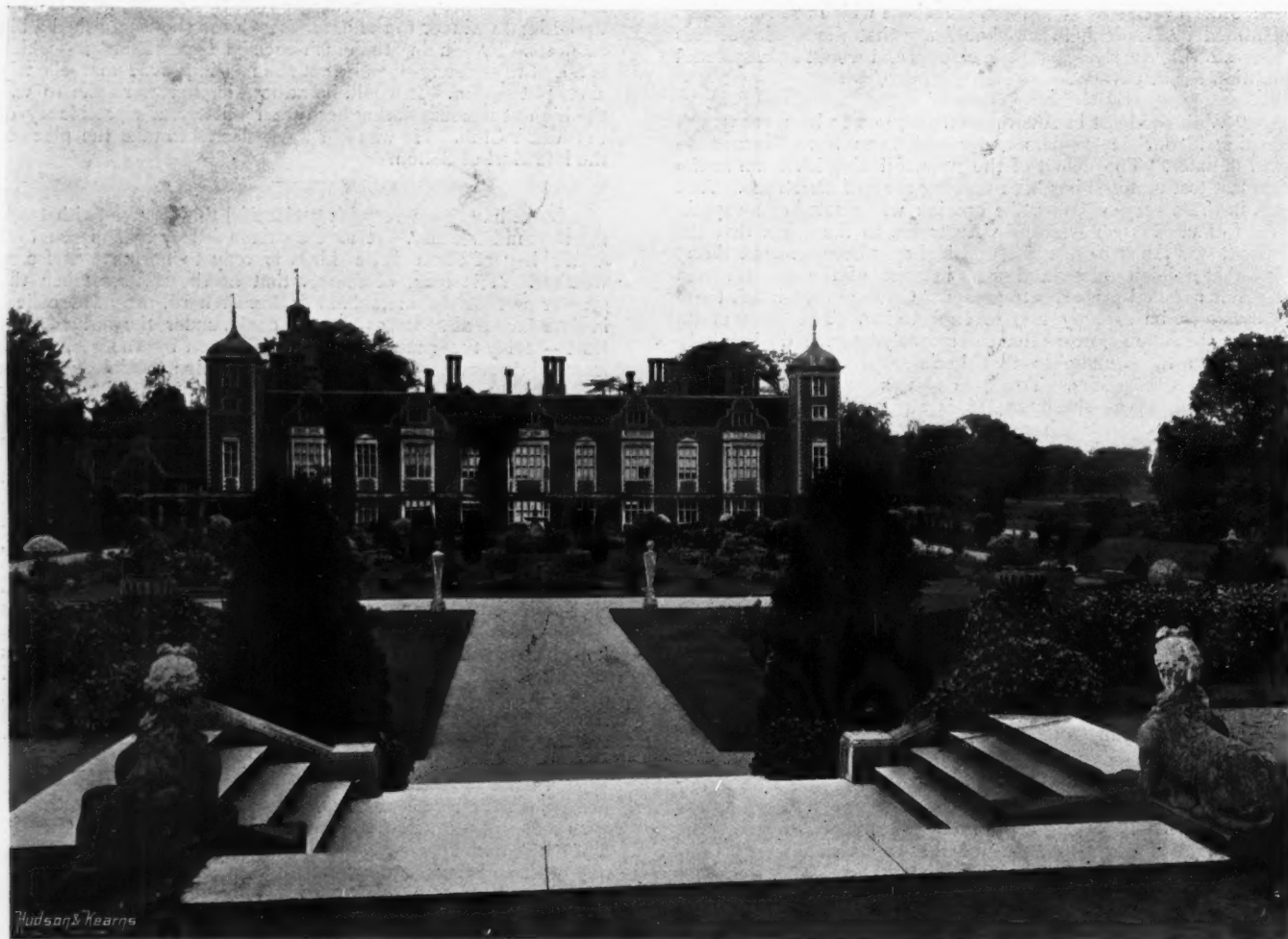
there had been famous men in the older house of Blickling. Here dwelt heroic, hoary Erpingham—

“Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.”

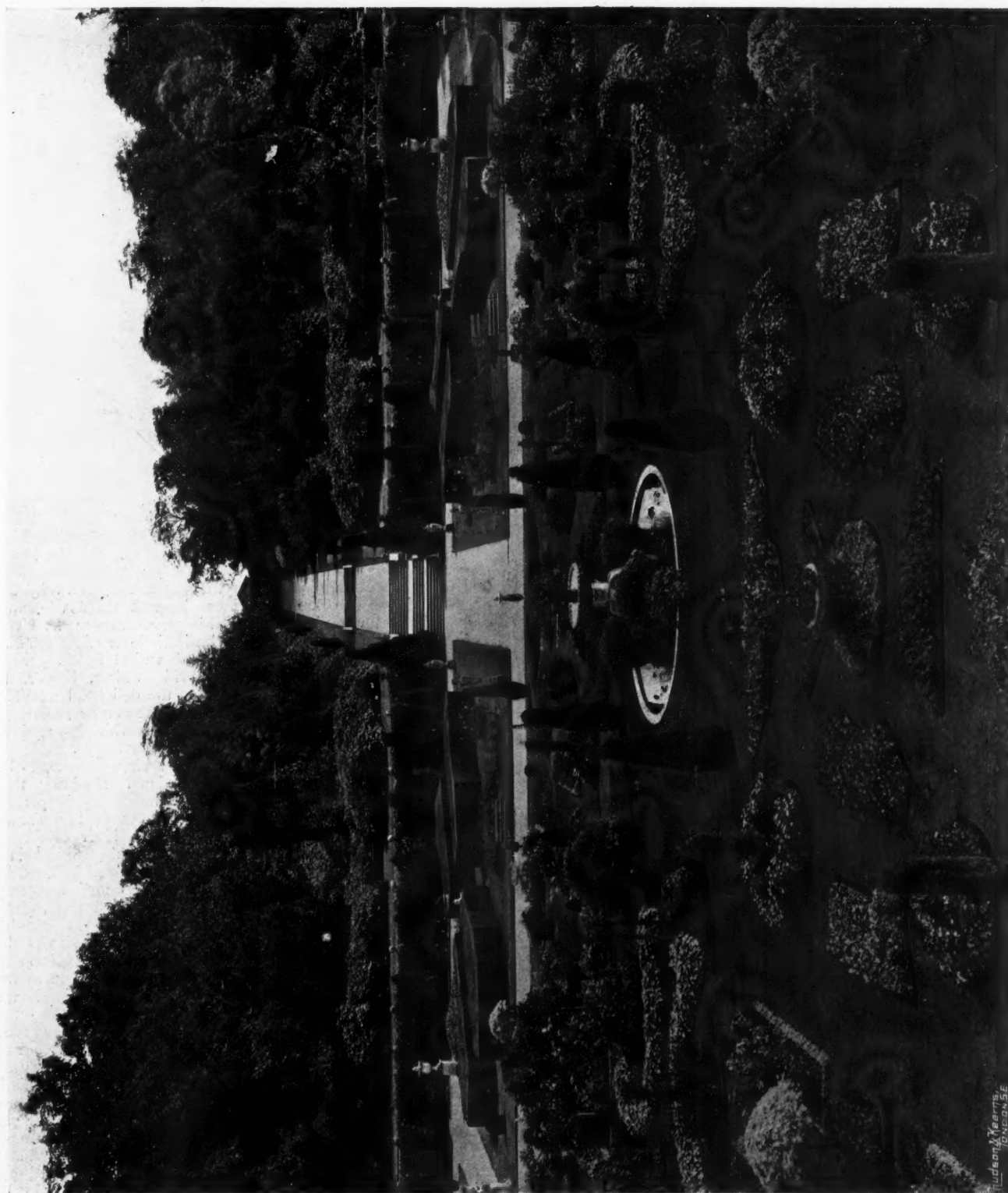
Then came, to own, if not to dwell at Blickling—for his home was Caistor Castle, some miles distant—Sir John Fastolfe, who, from the threatening field of Patay,

“Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire, did run away.”

It was the craven knight that sold Blickling to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the merchant and Lord Mayor, whose great-granddaughter was the unfortunate Anne. They say she was born at Blickling, but that it was at Hever, in Kent, she cast the tendrils of her charm about the fickle heart of the King. The Norfolk house of the Boleyns has long been swept away, but the castellated place Sir Geoffrey raised at Hever still remains, and has been illustrated and described in *COUNTRY LIFE* (No. 36). Sir Henry Hobart, Lord Chief Justice, to whom the place in Norfolk came, and whose portrait, in judicial robes, with cap, tippet, and chain of SS, hangs in the house, built the Hall that now stands at Blickling.







GARDENS OLD AND NEW: BLICKLING; VIEW FROM THE HOUSE.

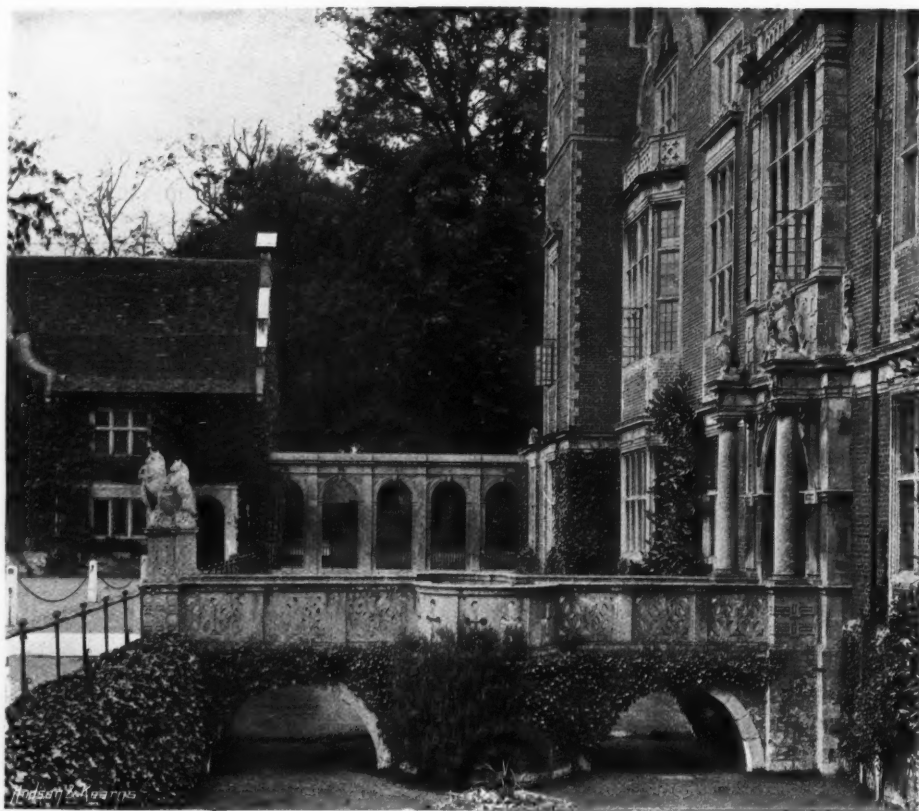
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Its character is disclosed by the pictures. The red brick walls, lofty windows, cupola-crowned turrets, and twisted gables remind us forcibly of Hatfield, though the plan is not the same. There is exceeding charm and very great interest in the architectural details of the structure. The moat is dry, but spanned by a beautiful bridge, and the hollow below is clothed with the greenest turf, and made bright by summer flowers. This is part of the scheme of colour adornment that beautifies the whole surroundings of this sumptuous abode. Within, the apartments are of noble proportions, flooded with light through the storied panes of lofty transomed windows, richly panelled with oak, hung with tapestry and fine portraits, adorned with marvellous ceilings, and furnished in the finest taste. But to describe these chambers is not the purpose here. There is an excellent staircase, with a dark oak balustrade, carved figures at the angles, and a fine stained window. The figures were placed there by the Earl of Buckinghamshire in 1765, misfortune having overtaken their predecessors, for "Hector had lost his spear, David his harp, Godfrey of Boulogne his ears, and Alexander his shoulder." The vast library at Blickling is a marvel in itself, and its plaster ceiling one of the very finest in the land. The state drawing-room has two Gainsboroughs, of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire, ambassador at St. Petersburg, and his countess; a splendid piece of tapestry, representing Peter the Great at Pultava, which the Empress Catherine gave the Earl; and many relics of Anne Boleyn. Among the portraits is one of the Earl's eldest daughter, who married the sixth Marquis of Lothian, and carried Blickling into the family of its possessor.

But enough has been said about the Hall for this present purpose. It is from the windows of these splendid rooms that we look over the great gardens and the park. A wealth of glowing flowers, and of foliage charmingly arranged, with the attraction of beautiful urns and other classic features, are blended into the delightful garden prospect we behold, and behind are grouped the



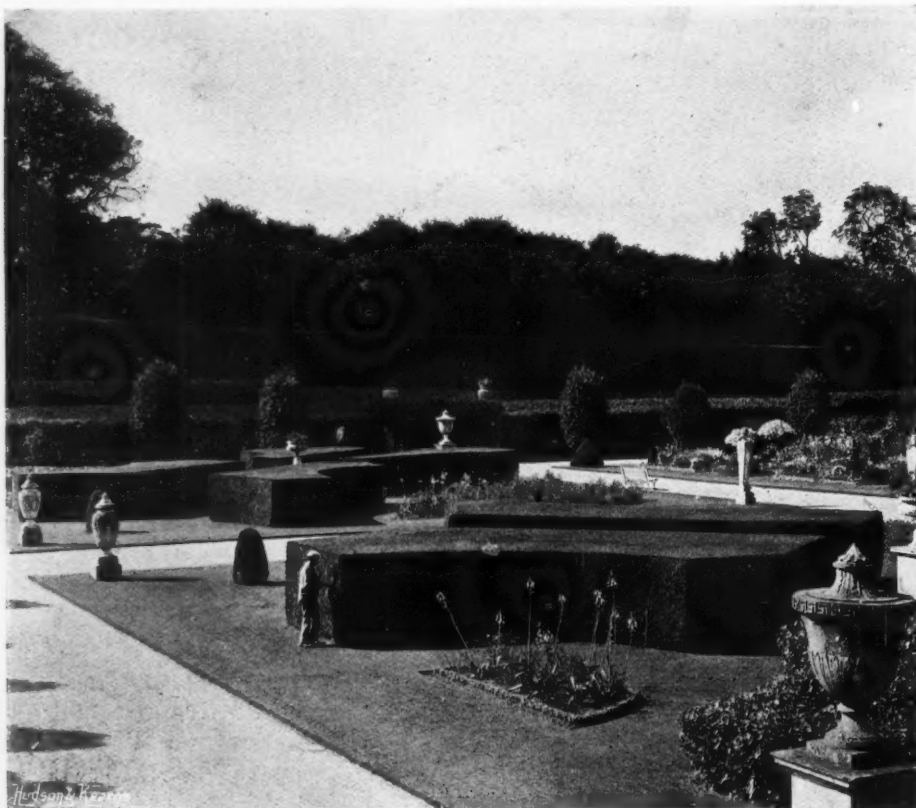
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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

splendid oaks and beeches of the park. Blomefield, the Norfolk historian, speaks of an "elegant wilderness" as having been among the attractions of Blickling in his time. But the place, after ripening for 200 years, has reached fruition in these days, and it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than the gorgeous feasts of colour spread out beneath these venerable walls. Recent years have seen vast improvements made. The late Marquis of Lothian was an enthusiastic lover of the garden. It was he who commenced that most beautiful flower garden on the east side of the house, and his widow, Constance, Marchioness of Lothian, has carried on the delightful work he began, with the taste of a devoted lover of those hardy flowers which have gained new popularity in these days.

It is a happy circumstance, to be observed in relation to Blickling, that the gardens and house are in perfect accord. Here we have nowhere a sense of incongruity. The lover of formal features will find some things to his mind. There are the close-clipped hedges, the inclosed character they impart, topiary features of unexaggerated form, yews standing like sentinels at regular stations, busts, urns, and basins of the classic school. Such a disposition of the garden is fully appropriate to the house. To have attempted a landscape foreground would have broken the secluded charm. But formal though the garden is, its formality is not that of stiffness. The lovely trees of varied foliage and growth that rise behind, and the delightful shrubberies, impart a special charm to the gardens at Blickling. Nor does the extreme form of precise and yet fanciful carpet bedding here find any illustration. Beds of simple character, disposed for broad effects, have been chosen, and the principal purpose has evidently been to give lavish effects of colour. How this is accomplished will be described in another article. The Poet Laureate has said in one of his garden volumes that a true garden should always be filled with flowers. There should be no dull month in which all has faded. To make every month a June is, nevertheless, impossible, but the gardeners



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A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

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at Blickling contrive to leave no period in which the garden is without interest. Here is undoubtedly a great and desirable art, and the excellent management of the shrubberies, with their many varied colours, is a powerful factor in the matter.

Another feature of Blickling to be particularly observed is that the locality of the flowers is not restricted. They are, in fact, everywhere, and, whether they are the glory of a bed, or light up with colour a mossy urn, the unfelt hand of Art, working in the spirit of Nature, has produced the subtle charm. Much is due, undoubtedly, to the productiveness of the region. The trees are abundant, varied, and of fine growth. They make a splendid background to the gardens, and stand in groups or singly, particularly noble specimens of their kind, in the park. In short, Blickling is a perfect country home. Not only are the house, gardens, and park with its lake, beautiful, but the stables and dairy are all that could be wished. Here may be seen a special herd of white polled cattle, short legged and straight backed, with black muzzles, ears, and hoofs, representative of some of the wild cattle of Britain in early times. The cows are far from rivalling Jerseys as milk-givers, but they are not maintained for profit. They are a well-known feature in the park, and add to the many interests of picturesque, beautiful, and historic Blickling.

## The Last of the Great Auks.

IN the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is the stuffed effigy of the very last of the great auks taken alive in the British Islands. It was seen by a fisherman, in September, 1834, swimming near the shore off Waterford Harbour. As it did not seem in the least frightened by the boat, the man threw it some sprats, which brought it alongside. He then caught it and took it ashore, supposing it to be some kind of goose. The fisherman kept it alive on milk and potatoes, a diet for which it soon showed a liking. He then sold it to a Mr. Davis, of Clonmel, who sent it to a friend, Mr. Gough, of Horehound, County Wexford. There it was kept for four months. For some time it refused to feed, but at last returned to its diet of milk and potatoes. Later it was fed on fish, but always retained a liking for its vegetable diet, and died, like a good Irish auk, from the results of trying to swallow a too large potato. The fisherman who caught it said that there was another with it. It was ascertained later that a second great auk, possibly this one, was caught on the Waterford coast about the same time. Two more are reported to have been seen in Belfast Bay ten years later; but neither was captured, and the evidence is not convincing.

The Trinity College specimen was very carefully restuffed recently. It is said to be the only one in winter plumage. It was a female, and is not particularly attractive, even for the "last of the gare-fowl." Its head, back, wings, legs, and feet are black; between the bill and eye on each side of the head there is a large patch of white, mottled with blackish feathers; and all the front of the body is white. In Europe and America there are between 78 and 81 stuffed specimens of the great auk, but, so far as is known, only 68 eggs. Specimens of the latter turn up in old collections from time to time, but as birds' skins perish even more easily than eggs, if the latter are at all cared for, it is very unlikely that more skins will be discovered, even in the vaults of old museums.

The most interesting of modern attempts to rediscover the great auk, or at least to find his recent remains, was that of Professor John Milne in 1874. He visited Funk Island, a bare, low rock, standing out in the sea like an inverted saucer, 170 miles north of St. John's, Newfoundland. There, amid thousands of living sea-fowl, he found the skeletons and remains of the dead great auks. Between two big boulders, under the turf, he found the beak of the extinct bird, and later the remains of more than fifty bodies. These lay at a depth of from one foot to two feet below the soil, and in places the puffins had actually burrowed among the auks' skeletons, which projected into the puffins' holes.

It is said that as there was no fuel on the island, the sailors used to boil the birds with fires made of the oily bodies of dead great auks, much as whalers boil down whale oil with fires made from the blubber. The merchants at Bonavista, in Newfoundland, used to sell the bodies by the hundred-weight, to be eaten by the poor in place of pork. One of these salted great auks would now be worth almost its weight in gold.

## CYCLING NOTES.

THE artist of a New York journal has drawn an engaging picture of a bevy of sprightly damsels seated on a cycle of enormous length, built for no less than ten riders. The said machine, by the way, was to have been exhibited at the last Stanley Show, but did not materialise. I confess to a considerable amount of scepticism as to whether the young ladies ever actually rode the machine. To pose before a camera is one thing; to steer a multiplet machine is quite another. Anyone who steers a mere tandem for the first time realises only too forcibly the vast difference there is in the control of a machine which carries two loads instead of one. On the single safety the rider is part and parcel of his machine, and knows just how it will act when he inclines to right or left, as the case may be. But the presence of another body behind him when he comes to steer a tandem imports a hitherto unknown difficulty into the situation. If the steersman leans to the left the man in the rear may not immediately follow suit, and the balance of the machine is affected accordingly. It is difficult enough to grasp at first the amount of allowance to be made in turning corners for the extra length of the machine, and the new element of a dead load behind, treating the latter as something purely inert; but when that load has an independent will, and may, perhaps, act in a way directly opposite to the wishes of the man in front, the question of equilibrium assumes a baffling phase. The immediate effect is to throw an unlooked-for strain on his arms, which he begins to wish were twice as muscular as they really are.

With a triplet the difficulty is intensified; it is greater still with a quadruplet, and so on with each successive saddle and each extension of the frame. Now to ride a machine with ten seats would tax the skill of the ten best riders in the

world, and it is natural to regard the illustration as almost, if not entirely, apocryphal. Certainly the airy fairy who is mounted on the front seat could no more manage the machine than fly. All the riders, too, are depicted with long horns attached to a girdle at the waist. If these were put in action, the effect upon the steering would be fatal; and I fancy that the whole thing is nothing more than an elaborate pose for advertising purposes.

The latest application of the penny-in-the-slot system is to an automatic cycle pump, which has been exhibited in New York. It is declared to be always ready to work, and to be equal to inflating a tyre to a full degree of hardness by the simple pulling of a lever after connecting the nozzle with the valve and dropping a coin in the slot. The inventor, of course, considers that the machine has a great future if placed in front of hotels and inns, and will also save the wandering cyclist an immense amount of inconvenience. Be that as it may, it will not enable a man to dispense with the carrying of a hand-pump, for obviously he cannot guarantee that the unconscionable puncture will conveniently happen within reach of an automatic inflator.

An Australian Blondin, performing on a vacant piece of land near Sydney, drew his light from an adjoining electric storage works. As a final triumph, he would ride a gaily-illuminated bicycle across the rope; but a few days back, according to a Dunedin journal before me, he got mixed up with the illuminations in some way, and fell into the net, insensible. Conveyed to hospital, he was found half "electrocuted," and it was two days before he recovered consciousness. He was last reported to be progressing favourably, but to have sworn off electrified bicycles for ever; which, in the circumstances, is scarcely a matter for surprise.

May one ride fast on a country road? There is a prevalent idea that speed is of itself an offence, and tourists have even been fined for rushing down a slope which is faced by an opposing up gradient, when no one has been in sight, and the sole witnesses of the act have been a couple of constables in ambush. It is well known, of course, that the law has laid down no legal limitation of pace, and the present Home Secretary has frankly declared it an impossibility to do so; but the belief is practically universal, that if a cyclist is manifestly riding at a high rate of speed he is *ipso facto* an offender against the law, irrespective of all considerations of danger or no danger, of the presence or absence of pedestrian or other traffic. This is a matter which concerns every man or woman who ever mounts a machine, and it is just as well that the facts should be made clear. In the country it is *not*, in itself, an offence to ride fast; in towns the case is different. To deal with the latter first, it is sufficient to quote the provision common to the "Metropolitan Police Act, 1839," and the "Police (Towns outside of Metropolitan) Act, 1874," which makes it an offence to "ride or drive furiously, or to endanger the life or limb of any person, or to the common danger of the passengers in any thoroughfare," the penalty not to exceed 40s. From this it is plain enough that "furious riding" is an offence in towns, and the onus rests upon the prosecution to prove that a wheelman, summoned under the Act, was riding at an excessive pace; though what is to constitute excess, and how to determine the cyclist's actual rate of progression, is a problem which only the hard-swearing policeman can solve. Where it is a question of endangering the life or limb of a passenger the issue is simple, and becomes a mere matter of evidence; but I am dealing with the item of speed alone. Let us suppose that an ambitious amateur is anxious to test his abilities on the wood pavement between the Marble Arch and Ealing, and at daybreak on a spring morning takes a trial spin at top speed down Notting Hill. Few "passengers" at that hour are likely to be astir; is the mere burst of speed, though no one's life or limb be endangered, of itself indictable? The answer must clearly be in the affirmative, and our aspirant must trust to the absence of a policeman rather than the toleration of the law.

In the country the case wears a different aspect. There the cyclist is amenable to the Highway Act of 1835 where speed is concerned, and the operative clause enjoins, that if a person driving any sort of carriage, including, of course, a cycle, "shall ride or drive the same furiously so as to endanger the life or limb of any passenger, he shall, if not the owner, be liable to a maximum penalty of £5; if the owner, to a maximum penalty of £10; or in default to imprisonment not exceeding six weeks." The difference between this regulation and that of the Metropolitan Act is obvious. In the one case the furious riding must be coupled with visible danger to someone's life or limb; in the other, no such alliance is necessary. The importance of this distinction cannot be over-estimated. Habitual "scorching" is one thing; an occasional rush or "coast" down a hill is quite another affair. The most plodding of tourists likes a fast burst now and then if a gentle gradient and favouring wind render it possible without undue exertion; and to treat such an act as an offence is as irrational as it is illegal. It is all a matter of time and place. If there are pedestrians about, or even possibilities of their appearance from a bye-road, the responsibility rests with the rider to avoid collisions, and if any such were to occur, the fact that he was riding fast would be presumptive evidence against him to a considerable degree. But where the conditions are such that the endangering of the life or limb of any passenger is virtually impossible, the cyclist, in the country, is free to ride as fast as he likes. To emphasise this fact implies no sympathy with the reckless type of cyclist; it is a mere exposition of the illegality of that form of police persecution which lends itself to ambushes near short and sharp hills, down which ninety-nine out of every hundred cyclists would accelerate their speed. Each and all would be subject to a penalty if he endangered life or limb, other than his own; but not one of them offends against the law by the mere fact of riding fast.

A short time ago I referred to the illegality of imposing costs in cases where the fine does not exceed 5s. It is not difficult, however, to point to instances of the non-observance of the law on the part of many magistrates. In a recent issue of a Brighton journal I find that at one sitting of the Steyning Bench a lady cyclist was fined 2s. 6d. and 5s. costs, for riding without a light; two carters were severally fined in a like amount for a similar offence; and a third carter was mulcted in 2s. and 5s. costs for being asleep while in charge of a horse and cart. It is quite possible, of course, that the sum total of fine and costs represented in each case the magisterial estimate of the penalty which the delinquent deserved to pay, and that if the terms of the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879 were brought to their notice they would "make the punishment fit the crime" in another way by increasing the fine to over 5s. There is *prima facie* evidence, nevertheless, of injustice having been committed in cases like the foregoing. Ostensibly, 2s. 6d. is the sum required to purge the offence; and that being so, it should not carry with it costs of any kind, much less to double the amount of the fine itself. The matter is undoubtedly one of great interest to cyclists generally, for in every part of the country they have been hauled up in large numbers, including many ladies, for the trivial offences of footpath or lampless riding.

THE PILGRIM.



## "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'"

MR. PINERO'S "comedieta" is aptly described, though the term, when applied to a four-act play, sounded oddly at first. "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" is not quite a comedy, it is certainly not a farce, and yet it is not a farcical-comedy. Mr. Pinero was right—"comedieta" describes its peculiar *genre* exactly. It is akin to comedy in the brilliancy of its language, its study of character, the slimmness of its story, yet it is not a comedy, because there is much that is farcical in it. It is akin to farce because there is such riotous fun, such exaggerated caricature, in some of the people portrayed, yet it is not a farce because there is so pretty and sentimental a love-story contained in it, and because it has too much elegance, too much delicacy, too much truth to Nature. It is a clever mixture, a combination of its author's earlier and later manners.

Its chief attraction lies in the masterly fidelity with which the period of the play is brought back to us. One lives in the "early sixties," positively breathes the very air of that gruesome time, that hideous, affected, grotesque age when the crinoline was, when "peg-tops" flaunted their ugly shapes, when Dunderbary whiskers devastated the landscape. Society in two phases is shown to us with perfect art, the Society of Bohemia and smug respectability. It is difficult to say which is the more appalling. The silly, giggling transpontine actress is no more attractive than the idiotically demure and proper sister of the Vice-Chancellor. The terrible "swell," with his inane affectations, his whiskers, his military dandyism, is no less awful than

the greasy, long-haired tragedian, with his struts, his strides, his spouting h-lessness, his attitudinising, his vanity. The contrast is admirable, because it shows us how similar, as well as how different, are plebs and aristocrats. That England should have survived this ridiculous part of her history says much for the vitality of the race.

Despite all this, Mr. Pinero's play is the very reverse of all that is understood by the word unpleasant. On the contrary, it is a sunny, bright, and pretty piece, with no pretensions to being anything very great and striking, though the exquisite craftsmanship of our leading dramatist makes his smallest effort of as much account as the more pretentious work of his contemporaries. To the lightest and most trivial play he brings a wealth of detail, a power of construction, an insight and a wit that invest it with the attributes of something much higher than, perhaps, the nature and scope of its scheme would suggest.

There can be no doubt that, if "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" prove successful, the first cause will be the humour of the piece outside its particularly theatrical tendency, the humour of the humanity of its characters, not the humour dependent on their theatrical peculiarities, which the average audience will not understand; the second cause will be the simple sentiment of the love-interest, though I think that Mr. Pinero has made a technical error in drawing the character of poor Tom Wrench so sympathetically if he is not in the end to gain the woman he loves so tenderly and so unselfishly. We never felt much care as to the fate of the somewhat invertebrate young swell who will marry Rose Trelawny soon after the curtain has fallen for the last time. In fact, there was a positive feeling of disappointment when we found that he had won her. It must be wrong to disappoint your audience by putting them on the wrong scent, and we were certainly led to believe that the unobtrusive devotion of Tom would be rewarded. This would have been obviated by rendering Mr. Arthur Gower more, or Tom Wrench less, attractive.

Rose Trelawny is a young actress who is the idol of the patrons of one of the famous old suburban theatres. To her has proposed Arthur Gower, grandson of Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower. She has accepted him, and goes on a lengthened visit to the house of Sir William and his sister, to be acclimatised to the manners of good Society. Then begins the process of crushing the life out of her, of squeezing dry every natural impulse, every drop of youthful zest—not intentionally, but simply in accordance with the spirit of the time. Then, of course, comes latent and then open rebellion. Rose will talk during the long periods of sleep in the drawing-room after dinner, she sneezes when Sir William and his family are playing whist. In other ways as shocking she disturbs the stagnation of the *régime*. She brings things to a head by inviting some of her old comrades into the house after its inmates have retired. They smoke and loudly laugh, and drink and behave themselves—all but Rose and Tom Wrench—really very badly. Then she runs away with them and returns to freedom and the Wells.

But she can act the highly-coloured heroines no longer; she has been in the world of real men and women—the far-fetched heroics appeal to her no more. She and Tom Wrench are now of one mind, for all along he has told us how, in his comedies, the people are real men and women, their words simple, their actions natural. Thus does Mr. Pinero pay tribute to Tom Robertson, for it is he who is but thinly disguised under the name of Wrench. The device by which things are made right is somewhat thin, but clever and novel. Old Sir William is reconciled to his grandson, now an actor, Tom's comedy is produced with the help of Sir William's money, Rose Trelawny and Arthur Gower meet once again, never, it is to be presumed, to part.

There is the story; it is lively and interesting enough, but to its treatment and its decoration I think the major part of its success is due. To these and to the acting, which is a credit to our stage, and, for completeness and finish, could not be bettered by the *Comédie Française* itself. It is all so consistently good and clever that there really is not much to dwell on in particular.



Photo. by A. Ellis, MISS HILDA SPANG. Upper Baker Street.



Mr. Paul Arthur, as Tom Wrench, has the most natural and sympathetic character to depict, and does it with restrained and earnest art. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as Rose Trelawny, played delightfully; sometimes she was gay, sometimes angry, sometimes sad, and in every mood she was charming. Mr. Dion Boucicault's picture of the irritable and domineering Vice-Chancellor was masterly, a very fine piece of character acting. Miss Hilda Spong irritated one greatly as the "leading lady" of the Royal Olympic Theatre, which is exactly what the author intended her to do; she looked very pretty, even in crinoline and hair net. Miss Isabel Bateman, Mr. Athol Forde, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, indeed, the whole company, were without flaw. The Earl of Rosslyn, whose *nom de théâtre* is Mr. James Erskine, gave a bright and clever study of the rather insipid scion of the house of Gower. He had not much to do, and it would be too soon to say that he will become a good actor, but he did that little well.

## "Julius Cæsar."

MR. TREE has treated Shakespeare well; those who look to the letter rather than the spirit will not subscribe to this opinion, for has not Mr. Tree presented the play in three acts instead of the original five? Nevertheless, Shakespeare has been treated well, even reverently, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Often the execution is not equal to what we can see has been the conception of the character by the clever and conscientious actor; sometimes there is wrong emphasis, that most deadly of crimes when blank verse classics are concerned; sometimes there is a visible straining after effect; sometimes the sonorous music of the gorgeous speeches is almost entirely lost. But, on the other hand, there are many moments of great beauty in the latest rendering of "Julius Cæsar"; while the dignity and splendour of the stage spectacle—so complete, so real, so artistic, so correct, animated, and full of colour—fittingly adorn a masterpiece.

There is no leading character in the play; upon the actors themselves depends which shall prove the most interesting to the audience. In the present revival there are three actors of power and personality—Mr. Tree, who plays Mark Antony, Mr. Waller, who plays Brutus, and Mr. McLeay, who plays Cassius—all fine parts. Mr. Tree's Antony is strangely uneven. Earnest and picturesque always, Antony is sometimes inspiring, sometimes almost common-place. There are moments when Mr. Tree carries one away by the beauty of his intonation and the fervour

of his feeling; there are others when he seems altogether to miss the poetry and the intention of the dramatist. Nor was this unevenness divided into scenes; sometimes a single speech would show this curious division—the oration over the corpse of Cæsar, for instance. Intellectuality, the charm of personality, runs through the latest Mark Antony. He is always an interesting and attractive figure; it is only sometimes that one wonders if Mr. Tree is really in sympathy with the character.

Mr. Waller's Brutus is a pleasure to listen to. The sonorous voice, the elocutionary grace, the music of the words, make it a delight to the ear. Here also there were moments that jarred, moments that made us fear that the knowledge of his elocutionary powers had made the actor careless of that something which is deeper even than beautiful declamation, that something which might be called "soul," conviction, the expression of the heart of the words as well as their surface beauty. This is the danger of blank verse to actors who are not always on their guard against it, the danger of being hypnotised by the rhythm and lilt of the syllables, the rise and fall of the words, the splendour of the sentences, so that, in the speaking of them, the finer shades of feeling, naturalness of gesture, yes, the "soul" of them, are lost. Not for an instant am I suggesting that this was often the case with Mr. Waller, virile and vigorous actor that he is. On the contrary, his Brutus was a stirring and hearty piece of work; but now and again I detected a tendency in the direction indicated, and if this were the case on a first performance, will it not be very much worse on the fiftieth, unless it is pointed out in time?

Mr. Franklyn McLeay gave a brilliant rendering of Cassius. The actor had evidently "got inside" the part; he had considered every detail. The scene of the quarrel with Brutus was thrilling. Mr. McLeay made a reputation as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross" because of the wonderful and minute touches he gave to the character. His only danger is that over-elaboration is almost as bad as carelessness; spontaneity is the greatest thing of all. Mr. Fulton, the Cæsar, gave a note of sincerity and whole-souled enthusiasm to the scenes in which he took part. He is not a particularly striking or remarkable Cæsar, but he "lifted" every situation in which he had a part. Mr. Fulton always gives one the impression of thinking nothing about himself and always about the play. He stands almost alone in this respect. Mr. Louis Calvert made a downright blunt man of Casca, which he was. Miss Lily Hanbury, as Calpurnia, Mrs. Tree, as Lucius, Miss Millard, as Portia, were all quite acceptable in their comparatively unimportant parts.

The mounting of the play is as fine as the most devoted worshipper of Shakespeare could desire. Mr. Alma Tadema has seen to it that everything was correct; but it is to Mr. Tree, presumably, that we owe the artistic grouping of the crowds and the symmetry and other artistic qualities that tempered the magnificence of the various scenes. No more elaborate a production has been done for a very long time. B. L.

## ON THE GREEN.

THE Ladies' Golfing Union have made a good choice of a green for the decision of their next championship. Great Yarmouth is the links selected, and the date is May 17th and following days. In the proper order of things, this precedes the men's amateur championship, which will take place at Hoylake on May 24th and the days that follow. The Misses Orr, who took such a notable part in last year's ladies' championship, which was decided on the Gullane green, are not going to enter for this year's event, but it is rumoured that a team of Scottish ladies intend to come down South to try their luck. The course at Great Yarmouth is a very excellent one, with an abundance and variety of formidable sand bunkers that will try both the skill and the driving power of the competitors severely enough. We hear, with regret, that Truro is about to lose its present golf links, the lease being no longer given to the club, nor do we hear of any other course being immediately available as a substitute; but Cornwall is sufficiently well supplied with golf links, both on the north and south.

Mr. F. G. Tait, the amateur champion of two years ago, is now quartered at Aldershot, and has been playing both at Woking and at Ascot. On the latter green he has returned a good score of 77; but, good as it is, it has been bettered by Mr. Harold Blackett with 74. At Woking Charlie Rowe, the professional, is in fine form, and has twice lately equalled the record score of the green. No doubt in these days it is a great thing for a borough to have a keen golfer as its Parliamentary representative. Mr. Leslie Wanklyn, M.P. for Bradford, has lately been the guest of the local club at a dinner, and we believe it is due in a measure to his interest in the matter that the electors of Bradford are soon to be given a new golf green.

A new golf green, too, has been acquired, through the kindness of Lord Wemyss, by the Luffness Golf Club, the proprietor of the site of their late charming green having declined to renew their lease. Lord Wemyss has ever been a good friend to the golfer, and the moderate rental of £120 at which he has leased the Craigielaw links to the Luffness Club is a further earnest of his interest in the game. It is said that the new course, when completed, is to be as good as the old, and that is giving it very high praise, for there was no pleasanter golf than that at old Luffness. The laying out of the green is in the most capable hands of Mr. A. Mackenzie Ross and Bernard Sayers, so there is no doubt about the thing being well done.

They have been hard at work at golf in the North. Mr. J. M. Williamson was the victor at the latest meeting of the Royal Musselburgh Club—victor, that is to say, in the scratch competition. His score of 85, inflated to 91 by a penalty handicap of six strokes, was not good enough to put him on terms with the long handicapped men. Mr. J. Lyall, with 97—12=85, was the winner of



Photo. London

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

Stereoscopic Co.

the nett prize, both nett and gross prizes being taken by the same score. There were several equal seconds on the gross score list, at a stroke higher than Mr. Williamson's return.

A very fine score was that of Mr. J. R. Scully lately, at Northwood, though not returned in a scoring, but in a "bogey" competition. He won the competition easily enough, as was no great wonder, seeing that with a stroke given he came in four holes up on "bogey." Rarely does "bogey" receive such a beating; but this, again, is no matter for wonder in the present instance, for though he is handicapped to receive a stroke, Mr. Scully was round in a score of 80, which ties the record made by Taylor and Braid, and knocks all former amateur records altogether out of time. Mr. F. H. Stewart, on the Calcutta and Tollygang greens, has won the championship of India.

## OTHER PASTIMES.

CAMBRIDGE rowing prospects have received a very severe blow in the loss of the President. The doctor has issued imperative orders for him to take a year's rest from the oar, so that his efforts will have to be confined to helping Fletcher with the coaching. There is already a considerable improvement to be seen in the general style of the rowing, especially in the increasing length of the stroke and general smartness of recovery, but as compared with Oxford the crew are dangerously inexperienced. With the exception of the cox, it is probable that the boat will contain not a single old Blue, unless Bell should after all find himself able to resume his place in time to make his inclusion worth while. Oxford, on the other hand, have abundance of old material. Gold has fortunately passed the dreaded examination, and will stroke the boat. He will be supported among old Blues by Burnell, Edwards, and the President, and it is further hoped that Carr will come up to row. The competition for the remaining places will be very keen; at present it is thought that Phillips, the brother of the President, Darling, and the two Warrens are the most probable claimants. With so much powerful material and style and experience the crew ought to make at least as good a combination as the one that so pleased the critics last year.

The Cambridge Association team earned themselves last term an indifferent reputation, but, nevertheless, there is every chance that they will develop into a first-rate team, now that Burnup will be playing regularly. There is no doubt that he and Alexander, together form the best wing in the country, and they will probably be selected for the International team. Taylor also, whose knee has been giving him trouble, is on the way to recovery, and will make all the difference to the forward line. These three, together with Gosling and Moon, who scored so many goals in the late Casual tour, should make a most dangerous combination of forwards. The same cannot be said for the backs, but Campbell in goal is another player of International fame. The opening match against Ealing was not violently exciting; the first half was rather a lazy display, while afterwards the Cambridge forwards had matters all their own way, and scored six goals. The strength of the Oxford team also lies in the forwards, and the team are fairly strong behind, but it is as yet too early to compare the rival prospects for the match on February 19th.

Saturday's match in the County Championship between Yorkshire and Cheshire produced unexpected excitement. The possibility of Cheshire making a good fight probably occurred to few of the spectators who were present, more especially when Yorkshire scored a goal in the first few minutes. But from this moment the Cheshire team played as never before, and soon after half-time scored a clever try, which was converted from a difficult angle. Yorkshire made enormous efforts to regain the lead, and once Wilkinson was held up on the very line, but they could not get over, and an excellent game was concluded with the scores even.

The other great match of the day, between Blackheath and Richmond, ended with the same result. Considering that they were without their brilliant half-back, Schwarz, and two of their three-quarters, it did not appear as if Richmond had a chance of avenging their defeat of November. They played, however, an uphill game with great pluck, and, aided by the retirement of Livesay, who was playing at half for Blackheath, managed to equalise the score by a somewhat lucky goal towards the end of the second half. The feature of the game was Pilkington's run, through a very archipelago of players, that secured the Blackheath try.

It is not often that experimental oddities in the way of games are as interesting as a match recently played at tennis between Peter Latham, playing with the orthodox racket, and Ashworth, using only the natural hand. At the beginning Latham was quite at sea with Ashworth's service, which spun off the wall with a sudden unexpectedness of angle that would be the envy of any lob bowler in the world. His thrown "forces" were also very fast, and repeatedly found the openings, though Latham has seldom played a finer defensive game, and by taking his *bisque* at an opportune moment just managed to win. Somehow tennis is a game that has particularly lent itself to such experiments in the past. Which of the old champions was it that, armed with a soda-water bottle, Loojack, or similarly unnatural weapon, used to win surprising victories off even well-known players?

On the form they had shown up to Saturday last, the Surbiton Lacrosse Club must be considered lucky to have escaped defeat, but in their Cup match with Woodford they gave a fine exposition of dashing lacrosse, and won handsomely by twelve goals to nil. This result was remarkable, as in the last meeting between these clubs Surbiton only won by one goal, after being at a disadvantage nearly all through. On Saturday the defence was very solid, and Woodford hardly had an opening, while the Surbiton attacks combined excellently and were in brilliant form in front of goal. The Senior Cup undoubtedly now depends on the match at Wimbledon Park to-day between Surbiton and West London, which will be one of the best games of the Southern season. It will be a contrast in styles, but with Surbiton arranged as on Saturday last, particularly with a good defence "in the straight" to look after the West London attacks, they should prove successful, in spite of the admitted strength of the home team this season.

## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the miserable quality of the sport to which we have been treated during the present National Hunt season up to date; and, consequently, it was all the more welcome to be given two or three races at Manchester of sufficient class to excite some small modicum of interest. It may be that there are no good jumpers in training—certainly there is little or no new blood of any account—or perhaps it is that owners are keeping their best for such big events as there are to come at the end of the season; but, whatever

the reason, the fact remains that the sport which we have had during the last three months has been of such a description that we could very well have done without it altogether. The fact that a stale, and by no means high-class, mare like Sweet Charlotte can go on winning as she does, under the weights she has to carry, shows what a lot of "rags" the rest must be, and I know several Irish owners who are so impressed with this, that they have made up their minds to bring their horses over here next autumn instead of running them in Ireland. It is sincerely to be hoped that they will, if the sport is to go on at all, as it becomes more and more evident every day that we must trust to the Irish horses entirely to save steeplechasing from absolute extinction.

But to return to Manchester. The Handicap Steeplechase on the first day brought out only six runners, among whom, however, were the useful but unreliable Tribune, and Clawson, once thought to be a very promising young chaser. Mr. Bletsoe's horse was giving Clawson 2lb., but the latter ran badly, and only finished fourth, whereas Tribune, although he ran very sluggishly for at least two miles, at last took hold of his bit, and won by three lengths. The rest were a very moderate lot.

Athel Roy was made favourite, as usual, for the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase. There has always been a suspicion about this horse's thorough gameness, but perhaps the truth is that he cannot really get more than two miles. At any rate, he ran stoutly enough last week, and only failed by half a length to present 24lb. to Perth Lad, with Keelson, giving him 4lb., a long way behind. This season's chasing shows that Perth Lad, Athel Roy, and The Panther are all worth following over two miles, in this class of company.

Rinvanny is fairly useful over hurdles, no doubt, and Secret Service has won some races of late, but why either of them should have been preferred in the market to a horse like Stop passes my comprehension. Mr. Straker's horse was giving 12lb. to the first of these, and 19lb. to the other, it is true, but he is a horse of such very different class that I never had the smallest doubt about his doing so successfully, unless he had gone all the way since last seen out. His friends were lucky in being able to back him at 6 to 1, and he won in a canter by three lengths. This was a very good horse at his own game last season, and he is probably as good now as ever he was.

A very brilliant young chaser was Alpheus when he went to the post for the Grand National of 1896, and had he not overpowered his rider in that race, he might very likely have won it. He had not been seen in public for a long time till he went down for the Cheshire Steeplechase last week, in which, with 2 to 1 laid on him, he made all the running, and beat a moderate lot at his ease. He is an exceptionally brilliant fencer, with a good turn of speed, and may, perhaps, some day fulfil his early promise, but he will have to learn to wait, if he ever again aspires to Grand National honours. I must not forget an Irish horse called Wales, of whom I heard some weeks ago from Ireland that he would make a very useful hurdler ere long. He came over with a big reputation—he won the Irish Derby and a Queen's Plate at The Curragh last year—and was made favourite for a Maiden Hurdle Race on the first day of Manchester. He had won his race when he slipped up and fell on landing over the last hurdle, and he will win the next time he runs.

If there ever is good sport to be got, we are sure to have it at Hurst Park, where the jumping course is quite the best anywhere round London, and if ever there was a good thing racing it was Ben Alder for the Maiden Hurdle Race. As that stable's good things usually do, it came off. Why the fielders laid 6 to 4 I cannot think, except that it had a very big field of eighteen runners. Red Heart again showed that he has no stomach for hurdling, and Mr. Rucker must now realise the truth of what I wrote at the time that he gave £5,000 for him, that £500 was more representative of his value. Crystal Palace failed to give 8lb. to Manister, which is difficult to understand, in the Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase; and then that really good horse, Knight of Rhodes, merely had an exercise canter to win the Surbiton Steeplechase, with 12st. 3lb. What weight he could give to such wretches as are winning most of the steeplechases we see nowadays it is impossible to estimate.

## PERSIMMON AND THAIS.

AS almost everyone knows, Blacklock belonged to the Darley Arabian division of the Stud Book, and was descended from Eclipse through King Fergus, Hambletonian, and Whitelock, his dam being by Coriander, son of Pot8os, by Eclipse. In spite of his being thus descended on both sides from Eclipse, his "accursed" blood, as it was once called, was not held in any estimation until Galopin, undoubtedly one of the best horses of modern times, appeared upon the scene, and was not only one of the easiest Derby winners ever seen, but also the founder of a new family in the Stud Book. Galopin was inbred to Blacklock, being by Vedette, grandson of Voltaire, son of Blacklock, out of Flying Duchess, granddaughter on her dam's side of Voltaire. Flying Duchess, however, was by Flying Dutchman, and although Galopin's excellence may have been partly due to his being inbred to stout hard blood like that of Blacklock, I shall always believe that the fire and dash and vital energy, which are the chief characteristics of this family, have come from their Flying Dutchman blood. In fact, there is no doubt that the Galopins want crossing with some more robust and less excitable blood than their own, and this was fully borne out when St. Angela, by King Tom, by Harkaway, son of Economist, by Whisker, son of Waxy, brother to Whalebone, was mated with Galopin, and produced St. Simon.

St. Angela's son became a great race-horse, and an almost immediate success at the stud, but although his children have all the speed and fire of their family, they are often deficient in stamina and those more solid qualities which are usually characteristic of great race-horses. Perdita II., being by the honest and stoutly-bred Hampton out of Hermione, by Young Melbourne, was evidently the very mare to suit him, and from her in 1893 he sired that really great horse Persimmon.

No one who was at Ascot in the year 1895 will forget the favourable impression created by this good-looking colt when he won the Coventry Stakes, and there were plenty of good judges who declared then and then that in him the Prince of Wales probably owned a future Derby winner. At Goodwood he won the Richmond Stakes, and then St. Frusquin, another great son of St. Simon beat him by half a length in the Middle Park Plate.

As a three year old he was prepared specially for the Derby, which he won, after a gallant fight with St. Frusquin, and amidst a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm and excitement. St. Frusquin, with a 3lb. pull in the weights, turned the tables on him in the Princess of Wales Stakes at Newmarket, but he won the St. Leger all right, although I have always doubted if he was quite at his best that day; and he brought his three year old season to a successful conclusion by winning the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, in which, however, he had only those very moderate four year olds, Sir Visto and Laveno, to beat.



Persimmon had, in my opinion, most conclusively proved his stamina when he beat St. Frusquin at Epsom, and yet when he went to Ascot as a four year old to take part in the contest for the Cup, there were not wanting those who said that he would have his work cut out to beat Winkfield's Pride. He started at 2 to 1 on, all the same, and it was a sight to see the way in which the "class" horse strode away from the "handicapper" the moment he was allowed to do so, and cantered home absolutely at his leisure. Easily as he won, it is more than likely that this gallop on the Ascot "going"—which was as usual as hard as iron, and fairly settled Love Wisely, who finished third—shook him also, and he was no doubt feeling the effects when Velasquez looked for one minute like holding him in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Thanks to his Hampton blood, however, Persimmon always comes again; and it was only for the briefest moment that Lord Rosebery's colt flattered his followers. In a few strides the Prince's horse had taken his measure, and he galloped home a very easy winner at the finish.

This was Persimmon's last race, and a fitting termination to a glorious career on the turf. That he will do as well at the stud there is not the slightest doubt. He is as good-looking and true-made as he is well-bred, he was a great race-horse, and he won the most exciting Derby of modern days.

A stable companion of Persimmon's, foaled in the same year, was the Prince of Wales's beautiful filly *Thais*, by St. Serf out of Poetry. A very well-bred horse is St. Serf, also a son of St. Simon, and whose dam was *Feronia*, by Thormanby, her dam *Woodbine*, by Stockwell. Here again we find the fiery Galopin blood strengthened by Stockwell, so that when he was mated with Poetry, whose dam was the Stockwell mare *Music*, it is not to be wondered at that he sired such a good filly as *Thais*.

The daughter of St. Serf and Poetry began her two year old career with two successive defeats, being third both for the New Stakes at Ascot and the July Stakes at Newmarket, and then she scored her maiden victory in the Crabbet Plate at Gatwick. As a three year old she took the One Thousand Guineas, ran second for the Oaks and Coronation Stakes, was unplaced, with 8st. on her back, to Winkfield's Pride, carrying 6st. 10lb., in the Cambridgeshire, and finished second to *Gulistan* in the Free Handicap at Newmarket. She is a charming mare, of the hard wiry type, and, bred as she is, she will succeed at the stud.

There is one man whose name must not be forgotten in writing about these two celebrated animals, and that is "Dick" Marsh, under whose able tuition and watchful eye they learnt their business. Persimmon was by no means an easy horse to have at his best. He wanted a great deal of work to get him right, and when he was not quite wound up he was a very bad horse. This is a very difficult sort of horse to have at his best often, as Persimmon had to be, and it is no small feather in the cap of this popular trainer that he was able to so constantly bring out the Prince's horse in winning form.

Egerton House, Newmarket, from whose stables Persimmon and *Thais* went forth to win their victories, was built some eight years ago, and is one of the handsomest and most complete establishments of its kind in the kingdom. On the left, as you drive up from the lodge, is the house, surrounded by gardens, and on the right the stables.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PERSIMMON.

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## THE CHARWELTON STUD.

SECOND only in importance to the house of Stockwell is the line founded by another mighty grandson of Birdcatcher—Sterling. This great horse belonged to the No. 12 family, and was by Oxford 12, son of Birdcatcher 11, out of Whisper 12, by Fletcher 3, son of Touchstone 14. No wonder that he sired such horses as *Isonomy* and *Energy*, and became the stud success that he was.

Owing to the all too early death of the two horses I have just mentioned this family has been rather in the shade of late, but it began to come to the front again last season through its then representatives—Common, Satiety, and Gallinule, all three sons of *Isonomy*, whilst *Enthusiast* is sire of the speedy *Eager*; and such two year olds as *Dieudonné* and *Cyllene* (out of *Isonomy* mares), *Nun Nicer*, by Common, and *Jeddah*, by *Janissary*, have all helped to keep their family to the front. Ravensbury, and *Isinglass* at the Kentford Stud, will soon make their names famous, as will the speedy *Encounter*, by Sterling out of *Cherry Duchess*, by The Duke, whilst *Ingram*, *Le Var*, and *Fernandez* are all likely to add to the number of horses descended from Sterling who will win races in the future.

Sterling, as everyone knows, was inbred to *Whalebone* through Birdcatcher, by Sir Hercules, son of *Whalebone*, and *Touchstone*, by Camel, son of *Whalebone*; and therefore it is that he has always done best with mares of the same blood. Bred on these lines is *Southill*, by Sterling out of *Too Late*, who combines two crosses of Birdcatcher and two of *Touchstone*.

*Southill* is, therefore, very strongly inbred to Birdcatcher and *Touchstone*, or, in other words, to *Whalebone*. At this moment, when the fortunes of his house are so strongly in the ascendant, it is interesting to find out the whereabouts of all his sons, and therefore it was that I, last week, went down to Mr. Guy Bethell's stud farm at Charwelton, near Byfield, in Northamptonshire, to renew my acquaintance with *Southill*. I remember him as a speedy race-horse when in training, but although I have heard of several winners by him since then—a great many, considering his chances—I had only seen him once since he went to the stud. He is a bright chestnut, with three white heels and a white blaze, and is chiefly remarkable for his length, symmetry, big lengthy quarters, and exquisite quality. With half a chance he would have sired something really good, and he will very likely do so yet, especially as he is still a young sire—he was foaled in 1884—and is kept in good hard, healthy condition.

Another sire at the same stud is *Bird of Freedom*, who won the Epsom Grand Prize, the City and Suburban, the Ascot Gold Vase, as well as a number of other races over all sorts of distances. He is by *Thuringian Prince* (winner of the Royal Hunt Cup) out of *Vitula*, by Arthur Wellesley. *Thuringian Prince* was by Thormanby, and *Vitula* was out of *Prairie Bird* (grandam of The Rake, Hawthornden, Silvester, etc.), by *Touchstone*. *Bird of Freedom* was a good stayer, and would probably have done well at the stud had he not been buried in Ireland. Now that he has returned to this country, he ought to sire plenty of winners, and he is well worth the attention of breeders.

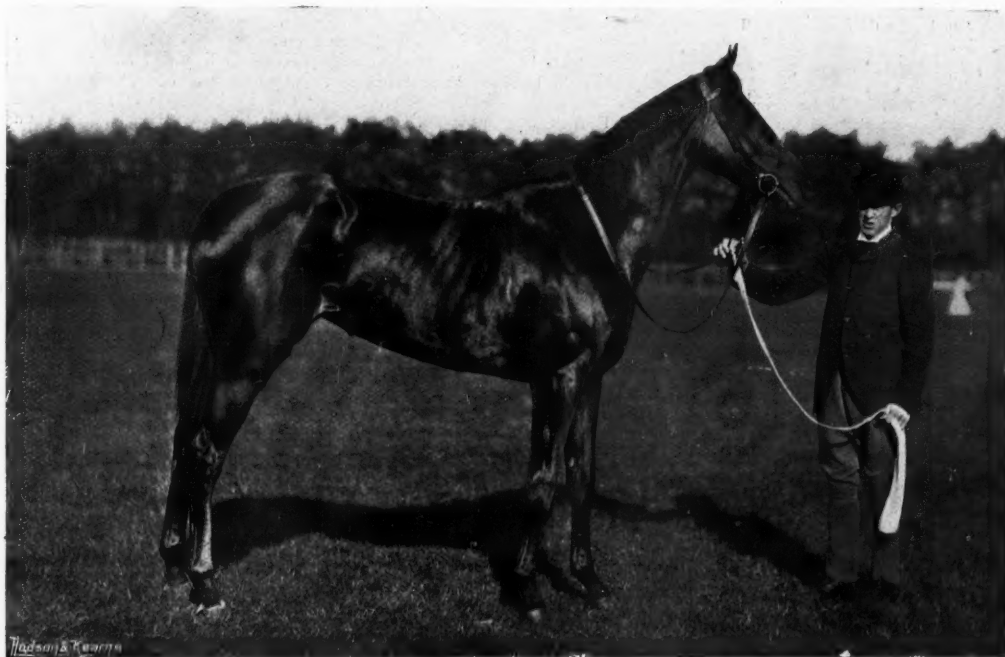


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THAIS.

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I was next taken to see the two year olds, among whom are a well-grown bay colt (he was a May foal) by Glenwood out of Lady Abbess, by Cathedral out of a King Tom mare; a lengthy, big-quartered bay filly by The Baron out of Illuminata, by Kisler; an active, well let down sort of colt by Bird of Freedom out of Queen of Holland, by Lowland Chief; a big, raking, upstanding chestnut filly, with rare shoulders, by Southill out of Fair Penitent, by Edward the Confessor, her dam a Brown Bread mare; a thick, strong chestnut filly, with four white legs, and a powerful back and loins, by Southill out of Secret Treasure (dam of Tribute), by Wallenstein, her dam Handkerchief, by Hampton; and a lengthy, short-legged chestnut filly by Adieu out of Coryphene, by Esterling. This filly was bred by Mr. Donald Fraser. Of all the two year olds, however, I liked best the brown colt by Southill out of Silver Wing, by Silvio out of Turtle Dove, by Macaroni. This is not only a beautifully-bred colt, but a really good-looking one as well. He is quite big enough, with beautiful quality, and full of racing-like symmetry. He goes like a race-horse now, and I shall be greatly surprised if he does not turn out a race-horse of class.

I was next shown a long, low, sturdy little black three year old filly, by Southill out of that beautifully-bred mare Half Inch, who was bred at Marden Park, and is by Sir Bevy out of The Inch, by Craig Millar; and then a really beautiful colt, of the same age, by Merry Hampton out of Grasshopper, by Kingcraft, her dam Fairy Footstep, by Newminster. This is an active, well-balanced, strong-limbed bay, a gentleman from nose to tail, full of bloodlike quality, and the image of his grandsire Hampton. I need say no more. There is also a four year old own brother to this colt, who had just come in from a morning with the hounds, and who, although built on smaller and lighter lines than his younger brother, will, no doubt, make a useful jumper some day; and the last of the lot was Fair Penitent's first foal, only 14.2 in height, by Thurio. She is small, of course, but very strong for her height, a long, low, thick little mare with a lot to like about her, and just the sort to send to India or South Africa for Galloway races.

I must not forget the great good-looking Royal, by Royal Hampton out of Silver Wing. He is a big, powerful horse, full of quality, and I know that he was very well galloped at Newmarket before he met with an accident which stopped him at the time. He covered a few mares last season, but as he is only six years old, and is now quite sound, he may perhaps go into work again. He is a good jumper, and as both from breeding and conformation he ought to make a high-class steeplechaser, we may perhaps see him running over a country some day.

hardly to be wondered at, considering that he had no less than eight strains of Whalebone in his pedigree, and this blood is sure to make its influence felt in his sons El Diablo, Faust, Chittabob, Dare Devil, and Deuce of Clubs, who are now standing in this country, and any one of whom might any day sire a really good horse. The first of these, El Diablo 3, is a beautifully-bred horse, being out of Tantrum, by Lord Lyon 7 out of Vex, by Vedette (19), son of Voltigeur 2. He was very nearly the best two year old of his year, and although this is his first season at the stud, I do not think he will be long in making a name for himself as a sire. Dare Devil is a beautiful horse, and evidently inherits his sire's stamina, as he twice won the Chester Cup, and the Northumberland Plate, in addition to the Newcastle Handicap, Great Tom Stakes, and many other long-distance handicaps. His dam was Flora McIvor 4, by Adventurer 12 (son of Newminster 8) out of Belle of Scotland, by Blair Athol (10), her dam Theresa, by Touchstone 14. This is very stout blood on both sides, as he proved by his own performances on the turf, and he will make an invaluable cross for nervous and non-staying mares.

Another son of Stockwell was Uncas 7 out of Nightingale, by Mountain Deer (24) (by Touchstone 14), her dam Clarinda, by Sir Hercules 2. He sired an enormous number of winners in Ireland, and was a remarkably successful sire of jumpers. His dam's pedigree is not so full of sire figures as his sire's, but as she has plenty of running figures, the two are nicely balanced in his pedigree. He is represented at the stud by Hawkeye and Euclid. The first of these was the first foal of that good mare Jenny Howlet (20), winner of the Oaks, and dam of Chittabob, by The Palmer 5—son of Beadsman (13)—out of Jenny Diver, by Buccaneer 14, grandson of Ion 4. He was a good handicap performer, and his combination of Whalebone and Weatherbit ought to make him a sure success at the stud, especially if mated with mares rich in sire blood.

A very good race-horse was Euclid, who won the Lincoln Handicap in 1895, and started favourite for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. He was a beautiful little horse when in training, of the neat, symmetrical, well-balanced type, all action, use, and quality, and, as I happen to know, a better horse than he was generally supposed to be. He has let down and furnished into a really beautiful horse, and will make an invaluable mate for big coarse mares. His sire, Prism 5, who unfortunately died last year just as he was beginning to be a success, was by Uncas out of Rainbow (9), by Yorkminster 7 (by Newminster 8), her dam Blue Bonnet, by Young Melbourne (25) (son of Melbourne 7) out of a daughter of Teddington 2—by Orlando (13), by Touchstone 14—and Maid of Masham, by Don John 2. His dam was a mare by Speculum 7 out of Nydia (9), by Orest (7).

A good race-horse and a Derby winner was Lord Lyon 7, by Stockwell out



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EGERTON HOUSE AND STABLES.

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I had just time to see the brood mares and yearlings who were out in the paddocks, and amongst the former I noticed the short-legged Silver Wing; the square-made mare by Dan Godfrey out of Queen of Norway, by Cyprus, in foal to Glenwood; All Blue, by Radius (son of Hampton) out of Oxford Gem, by Rattle, in foal to Royal; Half Inch, carrying a foal of Brag's; Fair Penitent, a nice lengthy young mare, who will have a foal by Rightaway; and the lengthy chestnut Secret Treasure, in foal to Gervas.

Among the yearlings were a big chestnut filly by Southill out of the Dan Godfrey mare; a rather small but true-shaped bay by Kilwarlin out of Fair Penitent; and a very good bay by Glenwood out of Secret Treasure that looks like galloping.

One thing which I especially noticed about this stud is the hard, healthy appearance of all its inmates. This is due to the fact that, although well attended to, they are not unduly pampered, as is so often the case, the mares and youngsters being allowed to run out all day and take their chance of weather. This may make them look a bit rough, but there is no doubt they are all the better and healthier for it. The stallions, too, are given plenty of exercise, and are not allowed to get too fat, the consequence being that they are very sure with their mares. I shall expect Mr. Bethell to breed a race-horse soon—even if there be not already one or more, as I strongly suspect there are—among the lot which I saw there last week.

## STUD NOTES.

NOTE.—The figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, denote the "running families"; 3, 8, 11, 12, 14, the "sire families"; and (6), (7), (9), (10), and so on, the "outside families."

HAVING at last exhausted the Doncaster and Blair Athol branches of the great Stockwell family, we come next to that of The Duke 12, by Stockwell 3 out of Bay Celia, by Orlando (13), son of Touchstone 14. He was a very successful sire, and his daughters were especially valuable at the stud. He stood for a long time at the Yardley Stud, where his Whalebone blood nicked well with the same strain in most of the mares there, and his name appears in most of the old Yardley pedigrees. He will live principally in the future through his son Bertram (18), a very speedy horse, out of Constance, by Faugh-a-Ballagh 11 (by Sir Hercules 2), her dam Milkmaid, by Glaucus 3, son of Partisan 7. It will at once be seen that Bertram was not only very inbred to Whalebone, but was also full of both running and sire blood. From Cast Off 7, by Promised Land (26) (by Jericho 7) out of Wanona; by Womersley 2, son of Birdcatcher 11, he bred that good horse Robert the Devil, who won the St. Leger and Cesarewitch, and was one of the best stayers ever seen. This is

of Paradigm, by Paragon 2 (by Touchstone 14) out of Ellen Horne, by Redshank (15), by Sandbeck 8, son of Catton 2. He was not very rich in sire blood on his dam's side, and was by no means as great a success at the stud, as his turf career seemed to promise, until he sired a really great horse in Minting, who was out of Mint Sauce 7, by Young Melbourne, her dam Sycee, by Marsyas 12 (grandson of Touchstone 14) out of Rose of Kent, by Kingston 12 (son of Venison 11) from England's Beauty, by Birdcatcher 11 out of a Touchstone 14 mare. Minting's dam, although of the No. 7 family herself, was, therefore, full of sire blood, and in him she bred a very great horse indeed. He had the misfortune to be foaled the same year as Ormonde, or he would now be looked upon as the horse of the century, and he was a beautiful horse, with immense size and power, exquisite quality, and the action of a blood pony. I saw him at the Fairfield Stud, near York, last autumn, and I thought I had never seen a grander stallion. He has been some time about it, but I think he is sure to sire a Derby winner some day. Lord Lyon had previously sired an Oaks winner in Placida, who was sent abroad in 1880; and a useful horse in Touchet 14, who was out of Lady Audley, sister to Buccaneer, and who died just when he was beginning to make his mark at the stud.

St. Albans 2 was by Stockwell out of Bribery, by The Libel 14—by Pantaloon (17)—her dam Splitvote, by St. Luke 2. He was a good race-horse himself, but more or less a failure at the stud, and his stock were often apt to be bad tempered. When mated, however, with Viridis 12, who was by Marsyas 12 out of Maid of Palmyra, by Pyrrhus the First 3, and who was not only strongly inbred to sire blood, but also to Waxy on her sire's side, the combination produced that grand and speedy horse Springfield, who sired the Derby winner Sainfoin.

Among other distinguished sons of the Emperor of Stallions I may mention Asteroid and The Marquis, who were out of Touchstone mares; Caterer and Knowsley, from daughters of Touchstone's son Orlando; Citadel and Breadalbane, from Melbourne mares; and Lord Ronald out of Edith (7), by Newminster 8, her dam Diodamia, by Pyrrhus the First 3. From Silk 3, by Plum Pudding 3 (by Sweetmeat out of Foinnualla, by Birdcatcher 11), her dam Judy Go, by Dey of Algiers out of Cacique, by Palinurus, by Sheet Anchor 12, son of Lottery 11, he sired Master Kildare 3, sire of Melton 8, who was a very good Derby winner indeed, and a proved success at the stud. Melton sired two very speedy race-horses in Best Man and Avington. The former of these is out of Wedlock 12, by Wenlock 4, son of Lord Clifden 2 (by Newminster 8) and Mineral 4, by Kataplan 3, so that he is bred to sire great race-horses, and he stands at the Westerham Hill Stud. The latter, who is located at the Melton Constable Stud Farm, in Norfolk, is out of the celebrated Annette 5, who was by The Speaker, and bred nothing but winners. Avington was a very speedy horse, and he won, among other good races, the Duke of York Stakes, and the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park.

OUTPOST.





COMPLAINTS of the decrease of big game in India are frequent, and some writers maintain that its partial extinction is imminent. If I doubt this conclusion it is because I believe it to be based on local and temporary scarcity due to special causes. A murrain among game is no uncommon event, especially among gaur and buffalo, and this may cause a local scarcity, but India is too vast a territory about which to generalise. Even the late famine, almost the greatest calamity of recent years, was really "local"; so was the plague; so, also, is scarcity of big game; and I believe that it will remain plentiful for many years. To support this pleasant conclusion I rely on the following considerations. In South Africa, where big game is almost exterminated, every native hunter has been able to buy guns and ammunition at his own sweet will. In India, under the British raj, any native who desires to carry a gun must get leave from the magistrate, and the licence cannot be had by merely paying down cash. There must be some certificate of character, or at least a recommendation that the applicant is a fit and proper person to be entrusted with firearms. In other words, he must be the sort of character who may be expected to be on our side in a riot, rising, or revolt. That, at least, was the feeling in the districts in which my work lay. The result was that permits were infrequent, and, as I thought, rather unfairly restricted, for the game increased so much as to cause serious loss to the

cultivators. Black-buck and wild hogs swarmed, and were very mischievous, as they preferred the peasants' crops to the wild grasses, fruits, and roots. Many great Hindoo proprietors, like the Maharajah of Jeypore and others, also protect all wild animals, from religious scruples. The British Government induced one such owner to fence his estate for many miles, but it swarmed with game which did much mischief outside, in spite of the barrier. Lastly, the Government now protect the forests everywhere, so that cover for game does not diminish. The result of these three causes combined was that in Berar not only black-buck and wild swine, but cheetul deer and nyghau, were very numerous. The old-fashioned sport of India, which our forefathers enjoyed before the mountain shooting, of ibex, thar, bural, and markhor, now so fashionable, was possible, could be had in abundance. The jungle was mainly "scrub jungle," in which grew an abundance of the mowrah trees, of whose sweet flowers so many Indian animals are fond. The wild swine mainly lived in impenetrable masses of dwarf palm, near the water. There were also plenty of rough basalt hills where one often found A BEAR AMONG THE ROCKS. The bases of these hills were covered with basalt fragments, from the size of a cricket ball to that of a 68lb. shot. When riding down nyghau with a spear, I have known an Arab horse gallop over a quarter of a mile of these stones, lying apparently quite close together, without touching one.



A BEAR AMONG THE ROCKS.

This abundance of game naturally attracted tigers, which found their favourite food in such quantities that they would hardly look at a calf or bullock tied up for a "kill." I believe this has been noticed elsewhere, in districts where the cheetah deer, the food *par excellence* of the jungle tiger, abounds as it did in the district of which I speak. Being fat and contented, and well fed with wild game, the tigers seldom killed cattle, and still more rarely meddled with man. Consequently they gave almost as little trouble as could be expected from such formidable beasts. Being unmolested by the natives they were by no means suspicious, and if one condescended to kill a bullock tied up for his dinner, he could easily be shot from a machaan (platform) in some neighbouring tree. One morning news was brought that a bullock had just been killed. I hurried to the place, climbed on to my platform, and pulled out my watch. It was just eight o'clock. By half-past eight the tiger was dead. He appeared in about twenty-five minutes, and began by taking the rope by which the bullock was fastened in his teeth, and trying to pull it off the picket. He next began to smell at the bullock, when I aimed at the orifice of the ear, hoping not to make a hole in the skin. Just as I fired he moved slightly, and the bullet cut off the top of the ear, before entering his brain. He dropped where he stood, and LAY AS IF ASLEEP. Such quick and easy success never again fell to my lot; but from the causes I have referred to, I never had difficulty in finding tigers "at home," or in getting them to show when, as often happened, I had them driven to me. One only exhibited much cunning. Though often moved, he never could be induced to come near the place where I was posted, and he generally refused to touch the bullocks tied up to tempt him. When he did kill the bait, and I made certain of a shot, both my shikarie and myself were driven off by a curious mishap, though one not uncommon in the jungle. The kill had been made late in the morning, and as we sat in our machaan the sun and heat became most oppressive. Gradually we took off our garments, until our upper man was



NYLGHAU.

almost exposed. Then two bees—no more—came flying into the tree, and one settled on my head and stung me. I crushed the insect, and the other flew away. "He will fetch the other's sahib; we must go," said the shikarie, and in less than a minute we heard the angry buzz of a swarm. The tree was thick, but they detected us at once, as the native said by the smell of the dead bee, and came flying at us through the branches. We dropped to the ground, and rushed off through the thickest bushes, glad to shake off the angry bees by this means and escape with a few stings. But we dared not approach the tree again, and I never got that tiger.

Sometimes, not often, I tried tiger-shooting on foot. The open nature of the scrub jungle made this less dangerous than in



HE LAY AS IF ASLEEP.



many parts of India. I was beating the banks of a small stream which joined the river, when I saw a tiger jump quietly across the brook. When the ground on the other side was disturbed it jumped back again almost at the same place. As this was evidently its home, I arranged a beat next day, when the animal once more crossed the stream, and passed on to a little thicket-covered islet in the main river. I sent most of the beaters to

wade into the water on the other side of the islet, with orders to make a noise, and placed four men as stops on the bank above. These were to keep quiet unless they heard the tiger moving in that direction, when they were to turn it towards where I stood on the open side, where I meant the tiger to pass. Unfortunately the stops began to shout and call to each other just as the beaters advanced on the opposite side. The tiger, quite fearless and

believing itself surrounded, rushed from its island and attacked one of the stops, giving him a dragging blow as he tried to climb a tree, and lacerating his side and thigh. It then rushed back to the island. This accident closed the day's hunt. Next morning the tiger was driven towards its old haunt by the small stream, where it went into some very thick bamboo jungle. It was not the least alarmed, but could be heard moving in the bush. Whenever the beaters advanced it would challenge them with loud roars, and move towards the edge of the bamboo cover, as if to "hold the fort." This behaviour shows how very little the general fear of man was shared by these tigers, which had seldom been hunted even by native shots. As the tiger was quite willing to come forward and fight inside the cover, I told the beaters to fall back quietly, and in five or six minutes to make all the noise they could. Meantime, I slipped in among the bamboos, advancing some twelve or fourteen yards. As soon as the noise began behind me the tiger commenced to roar, and, as I expected, advanced towards the edge of the cover. I saw part of its side at about ten yards off, and fired, smashing a hind leg high up. It fell, and then made off up the hill and out of the thick cover into some rough, stony ground on the side below the summit. I then made a circuit and got above the wounded animal, though without knowing its position. The men rolled stones down the hill, and one of these almost hit the tiger, which was crouching under a low bush. It tried to charge, but was too crippled to make much progress up hill, and I shot it. It proved to be a tigress, but without cubs; its courage and determination to hold its ground were, therefore, not due to anxiety to defend its young.

The photographs illustrating this article have been kindly lent by Mr. H. A. Heath, District Superintendent of Police at Yeotmal, Berar.

(To be continued.)

## THE Chiddingfold Hounds.

OUR illustration represents a meet of these hounds, of which Lieutenant-General Sir F. Marshall, of Broadwater, Godalming, is master, which took place a week before Christmas last. The hunt is of no great antiquity, having been founded in 1863 by Mr. J. Sadler, and this is Sir F. Marshall's second period of



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CHIDDINGFOLD HOUNDS: A SECOND HORSEMAN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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## HALF-WILD DEER.

ONE can hardly imagine finer sport in this country than that of the Norman Kings, who hunted wild red deer in open forests, and either shot them from horseback with the bow, or waited for them, and killed them with the same weapon, while the covers were driven towards them. The former was not only an arduous sport, but a dangerous one. One has only to take the instance of the family of William the Conqueror himself, the first of those "single and mighty Nimrods," the Norman and Angevin Kings, and the beginners of the "cult" of venery in England.

No less than three of his sons met violent deaths in the very forest which he had created and turned partly into waste, that he might have a superb hunting ground for deer. His favourite son, Richard, who is said to have resembled his father more closely than any of his other children, was fatally injured by the branch of a tree when riding after a stag, before he was of age to be knighted; and there is a record in Domesday Book of lands restored to their rightful owner as an offering for his son's soul. Another Richard, an illegitimate son, was also killed in the forest when there on a hunting expedition; and Rufus was shot, either on purpose or by accident, when waiting for deer to be driven to him, below Stony-Cross Plain, on the edge of the wood.

The formation of parks for the preservation of deer and hares began very early, some of the licences for parks dating from a period as far back as Henry II.; but the deer were kept more for ornament, and to provide venison, than for such sport as could be had in killing them. The degenerate pastime of hunting and killing deer inside enclosed parks was begun by the fat Henry VIII. It was encouraged by his daughter Elizabeth, for by that time it had become a fashionable amusement abroad.

mastership. Since Godalming is the centre of operations, and almost everybody knows the neighbouring districts in Surrey and Sussex, it might seem hardly necessary to describe the character of the country; still "Baily," the friend of all honest sportsmen, is perfectly right in saying that it is one which calls for a "very clever horse; he must be a good timber jumper, and be able to get over banks." In our opinion he must be something rather more than that, for the variety of the country is quite extraordinary. Near Godalming are sheer hills of considerable height, with narrow valleys, which mean heavy going at times. Ploughed land is plentiful; but we agree with "Baily" that wire is not particularly troublesome, for, near as Godalming is to London, the rustic mind is not particularly sophisticated. Haslemere is another favourite trysting place, and in that wild moorland country, which is characteristic of the neighbourhood, the ground must be, and often is, treacherous. Heather covers a multitude of pitfalls; and there is abundance of heather, of crumbling sand, and of rabbit burrows that catch the hoof of the horse, in those parts where two picturesque counties meet. The abundant woodland is, perhaps, for hunting purposes, certainly to the hard-riding man, the principal disadvantage of the domain of the pack, which extends over a very considerable area. Still, the Chiddingfold, of whom Mr. Alfred Sadler is huntsman, show a great deal of good sport. They meet on two days in each week—Wednesday and Saturday.

German Court fashions were beginning to succeed to those of Spain as the Protestant party became ascendant in England; and the hunting and killing of deer in enclosures was very popular among the German Princes and Sovereigns. The great ladies assisted at these functions, generally looking on from galleries, but sometimes riding, in what they would have termed deer hunts, but nowadays would be called deer-baiting. Queen Elizabeth used to have a stand set up in "Marybone Park," from which to see these performances, with her ladies. James I., who was half a sportsman, otherwise he would never have taken the trouble to have cormorants trained for fishing, enclosed a very large park at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, in which to hunt THE HALF-WILD STAG. He used also to hunt them regularly in Greenwich Park, where they had no chance of escape whatever.

Since the days of the Stuarts no one has seriously thought of keeping park deer for sport; but the number of deer parks tends to increase. "A park without deer is like a wall without pictures," was the verdict of Richard Jefferies; and if the timber be large and the park extensive the red deer are an addition of the most attractive kind to such a setting of scenery. Deer are a costly as well as an effective ornament to parks. The deer fence must be high and kept in good repair, and the grass which one deer consumes in a year would maintain three sheep. But there are still 680 deer parks in England, and the number is on the increase. Few proprietors are willing to "put down" their deer, even in the worst times. Quite recently the will of the owner of Newnham Court, near Oxford, contained a special appeal to his successors in that fine estate to maintain the head of deer at the number which had been left by his grandfather, "that good prelate the Archbishop of York."

There is one form of "hunting" red deer in parks which is



harmless to the animals and gives capital sport. When the older stags are caught for removal, as is done yearly in Richmond Park and elsewhere, should the owner be so fortunate as to have two deer parks between which the animals are interchanged for breeding purposes, "toils" are set up and the deer chased into them by staghounds. Riders assist in turning the deer, but in a large park it is hard work to drive them to the nets, even though these are a hundred yards long. When "caught in the toils" going at full speed the stag rolls over like a rabbit. Its legs are then secured by straps, and it is carried to the deer cart.

Venison has now almost gone out of fashion. Thirty years ago a present of a haunch from the owner of a deer park was looked upon as among the most distinguished of rural courtesies. Now, even the game dealers are rather shy of purchasing venison. There is no "private trade"—one never gets venison at a dinner party, and the only demand is for City banquets, where the venison is always supremely good, and for a few restaurants and hotels. At Leadenhall some time since some of the finest fatted venison ever seen was long on sale without finding a purchaser, though it came from one of the most famous parks in Norfolk. We should like to know what is the highest weight reached by an English park-fed stag. Their antlers never equal those preserved in the sporting museums



Photo. C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A HALF-WILD STAG.

Copyright.

of German and Austrian nobles; but there are red stags in Windsor Park which look almost as big as a Wapiti deer. They have very deep shoulders, huge manes, and antlers to match. Those in the park at Warnham Court, in Sussex, are said to be the heaviest stags in the South of England, but weight with deer, as with cattle, is due mainly to the quality of the "feed." At Warnham the pasture was carefully dressed with chemical manures, and in a short time the heads of the stags almost rivalled the great German specimens. A park with a clay

subsoil will always carry heavier stags than one on sand or loam. The larger the park, the wilder, as a rule, are the deer. These often have to be shot when venison is needed, and it takes a good marksman to hit the animal in the head, so that the meat may not be spoiled. In certain very wild and mountainous parks, like Powerscourt, among the Wicklow mountains and certain demesnes in the Highlands, if a particular stag has to be shot, either because he is becoming dangerous to other deer, or "going back" in condition, as old stags sometimes do, there is often the excitement of quite a difficult climb and stalk before this can be done. Our second illustration shows the keepers and pony bringing home a hind, shot in the confines of one of these wild, rough "natural parks." The scene is in the deer park at Powerscourt, in the deep glen of the Dargle, with the "Sugar-Loaf Mountain" in the background. This park covers more than 1,000 acres of the wildest mountain, wood, glen, and river scenery.



Photo. C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BRINGING HOME A HIND.

Copyright.



## FROG CATCHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In looking back over some old numbers of COUNTRY LIFE my attention was arrested by your most interesting account of "Brusher" Mills, the adder catcher of the New Forest. A few

weeks ago I happened to be playing golf on the green at Mitcham—an open common with many ponds of water. While there, I saw a man poking about in the ponds with a long net, and on enquiry was told that he was catching frogs. It seemed such a curious occupation for a full-grown man that I made some further enquiry, with the result of learning that his object was to sell the frogs, not as the food of human beings (which had been my first surmise), but of snakes at the Zoological Gardens, which appear to like a batrachian diet better than any other, and to like it fresh—indeed, alive. No doubt there are many men thus engaged in the service of the Zoo, but it struck me as such a curious way of earning a livelihood, that I thought a notice of it might perhaps interest your readers. The occurrence was brought back to my recollection by reading your paper on the adder catcher of the New Forest.—F. L. FLETCHER.

## METALS FOR POLE CHAINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me through COUNTRY LIFE whether nickel or aluminium is the strongest and most suitable metal for making pole chains of, as I always like brass ones, but find that the steel rusts through the brass-plating when it gets in the least worn. And if you kindly inform me which is the strongest of the above metals (and if it is strong enough for the purpose), I could have them brass-plated. My carriages are waggonette and T cart.—CABBY.

## THE PORBEAGLE SHARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your picture of the porbeagle shark caught off Brighton is something more than a timely illustration of an interesting capture. While all our British birds and land mammals are well known, or can be identified by capital illustrations, it is quite different when we come to the large fish and marine mammals. There are few trustworthy pictures of the sharks which frequent our coasts, and good specimens in museums are rare; for the specimens are usually "too far gone" to skin before anyone thinks of doing so. The very numerous sea mammals, except the seals, are still more difficult to identify. The descriptions in popular natural histories are bad, and the pictures almost worthless. To take an instance. A few years ago a so-called "porpoise" was caught in the Thames, washed up at Thornycroft's works. It was clearly not a porpoise, for it was 12ft. long. It was also a most interesting object to look at, and instructive in that. Skilled mechanics at the torpedo-boat works admired the finish of its fin-curves, more perfect than those of a gun-metal screw blade, and the measurements round its body were found to have proportions interesting both to mathematicians and naval architects. But no picture, and no description, even in high-class natural histories, showed clearly what this animal was. There are nineteen different whales and dolphins found off our coasts, of which several are so much alike in general features, and so ill described and illustrated, that it was not until after a visit to the Hon. Walter Rothschild's splendid zoological museum, at Tring, that your correspondent was able to identify it positively as a grampus, or "killer whale." Wherefore I hope that when such captures are made we may see some more illustrations in COUNTRY LIFE.—NATURALIST.

## WOLMER FOREST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The short time which the War Office lease of Wolmer Forest has yet to run—ten years—makes it unlikely that that department will erect barracks or buildings there. But the article in COUNTRY LIFE of January 15th by no means exaggerates the danger that Wolmer may be sold outright by the Office of Woods and Forests, unless an Act is obtained to prevent it. This was actually contemplated some years ago. In the *Spectator* there appeared recently (p. 770), a letter from Mr. Francis Darwin, of Arthington, Yorkshire, who stated that he had actually been in treaty for its purchase. It would have been in good hands; but it is contrary to good policy that a tract of natural forest, which cannot be reproduced, and now belongs to the nation, should be alienated for the sake of a few thousand pounds' profit on a budget of £80,000,000 per annum.—FORESTER.

## TREES FOR CLAY SOIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the article on "The Glory of Autumn," in the November 20th issue of your paper, and to your notes "In the Garden" in the same paper, I shall be much obliged by your telling me where I can obtain the following trees and shrubs, namely: 1, *Acer rubrum*; 2, *Acer platanoides*; 3, *Quercus coccinea*; 4, *Liquidambar*; 5, *Cerasus vulgaris*; 6, Tulip tree; 7, *Azaleas* (Knaphill, hybrids of Mr. Anthony Waterer); 8, Snowdrop tree; what the probable cost would be; and what shrubs and trees would be most suitable for marl and clay soil. I take the liberty of writing to you, as I see you kindly say you are willing to give information and advice on this subject.—W. E. POWELL.

[The trees you mention may be obtained from Mr. Anthony Waterer, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey. As regards price, it will depend upon the size of the trees, but if you wrote him, you would get the exact information. If you could lighten your heavy soil somewhat by adding road scrapings, gritty material, or anything of that nature to it, you would be able to grow many more trees and shrubs. Of course the hardy *Azaleas* would not be a success, but you might select from the following: Horse Chestnut, Snowy Mespilus, the Cherries (*Cerasus*), *Colutea* (Bladder Senna), Thorns, and of this family you might have a rich and charming variety, such as the crimson, white, and pink; Snowdrop tree (*Halesia*), Hardy Mallows (*Hibiscus syriacus* vars), *Kerria japonica* fl.-pl. (Double Jew's Mallow), Laburnums, Tulip tree, Lilacs in variety, *Magnolia* conspicua and its varieties, *M. Umbrella* (Umbrella tree), Medlar, Crabs, *Olearia* Haasti, *Philadelphus* in variety (Mock Orange), Ribes (Flowering Currants), Spiræas, such as *Aristefolia*, *Aruncus*, and *Bumalda* (dwarf), Guelder Roses (*Viburnum Opulus* and *V. plicatum*), and the Bush Honeysuckles (*Weigela*), which you would find very suitable. *Eva Rathke* is a fine variety, its deep crimson flowers being very effective.—ED.]

## STEAM YACHTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly give me any information you have to hand about steam yachts for hire on the Solent (about eighteen tons)?—W. J. COLLINS.

[Steam yachts can usually be hired for 30s. per ton per month; this includes everything except consumable stores, such as coal, oil, paint, etc., and insurance. The crew's wages are, of course, paid by the owner, while they find themselves in food. At the above-mentioned rate, the hire of a steam yacht, or rather launch, of the tonnage (eighteen) you mention, would come to £27 per month, but small vessels are usually let at a rather higher rate than large ones in proportion. Again, the price is always higher in July and August than during the two preceding months; while if a yacht was hired for a considerable period, no doubt a reduction would be made in the price asked. By writing to any of the well-known yacht builders or agents in the neighbourhood of the Solent, you would probably soon hear of a yacht to be let about the size you require. You might try Messrs. Summers and Payne, of Northam, Southampton, or Messrs. Luke and Co., of Hamble, near Southampton. See also COUNTRY LIFE, June 19th, 1897.—ED.]

## THE IRISH ELK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph portrays a very perfect skeleton of the gigantic Irish elk (*Cervus Megaceros*), the most remarkable of the fossil Cervidae found in the British Isles. It is thus described in Knight's "Cyclopedea of Natural History": "Recent discoveries of the entire skeleton of the *Megaceros* have shown that the proportions of the trunk and limbs to the vast antlers were not the same with which we are familiar in the existing deer best provided with these weapons, but that the antlers were both absolutely and relatively larger in the great extinct species. This, in fact, constitutes one of its best



characteristics, and involves other differences in the form and proportions of its osseous framework. One of the modifications in the skeleton of *Megaceros*, which relates to the vast weight of the head and neck, is the stronger proportions of its limbs, and another and more striking character is the great size of the vertebrae of the neck, which form the column immediately supporting the head and its massive appendages." The specimen depicted in this photograph was dug out of a bog in the County Limerick, and now belongs to F. Low, Esq., Kilshane, Tipperary. It measures 6ft. 4in. in height at the withers, and the greatest width between the antlers is 6ft. 11in. Unfortunately it was impossible to place the camera far enough away to take in the extremities of this gigantic fossil deer.—EDITH BROUGHTON.

## "GOLF."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like, with your courteous permission, to endorse your editorial note on the subject of the spelling of "golf," raised by your correspondent "F. L." "F. L." asks when the "l" was first introduced into the word. It was introduced, if that be the right expression, with the introduction of the game itself. "F. L." expresses a doubt of the derivation of the word "golf" from the German "kolbe," but if he will notice that "kolbe" becomes "kolf" in the Low Dutch, and that other sources of indication, such as Acts of the Scottish Parliament, point to the Dutch origin of the game, he will perhaps be more ready to acquiesce in the usually received derivation. Moreover, the only criticism that could be passed on your editorial note is that it is scarcely emphatic enough. It is certainly not the case that the oldest documents read "goff" and "goffers." There was a certain date at which this corrupt or degenerate spelling was pretty general—other loosely phonetic forms, such as "gowf" and "gowff," being also used—but we have got the original etymology fairly correct again now, and "F. L." should really be a little more cautious before alarming us with his unfounded heterodoxies.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.



# Notes from my Diary

by mane. Sans-Gêne.

**M**ONDAY: Black, black, black looks the atmosphere outside, and amongst the many things for which we have to thank Providence on our knees is the electric light; the distributors, at the moment meeting the demand with a specially steady reply, should be commended as benefactors. The flickering sparks of yesteryear are no longer our distress, and the best means of obliterating the idiosyncrasies of the London atmosphere is to draw the curtains close in every room and set up a blaze of electric light to make the day appear as the evening thereof. Having duly collected various contradictory elements of a large and intimate family, the merriest moments may be anticipated, and the darkness without forgotten and forgiven. Under these circumstances the only clothes worthy of consideration are teagowns or evening dresses. One of the first essentials towards the success of the teagown, to my mind—and when I write “to my mind” I mean this to include the mind of all sensible people—is a light softness. Some women I know make the mistake of having thick, heavy, stiff brocades for teagowns, rustling silks, and aggressive satins. Under such conditions the garment loses its best advantages. Chiffon and lace in the palest of colours, the softest of Liberty satin, or crêpe de chine, with, perhaps, a border of fur or a decoration of fine embroidery, may be considered. Under its most extravagant aspect of rose-pink chiffon draped with pale cream-coloured lace, mounted over rose-pink Liberty satin, the teagown becomes a joy—but a fleeting one. It will wear, perhaps, with due care and much cossetting with tissue paper and lawn coverings when it is taken off, for ten days; obviously, therefore, one teagown is useless if we understand the best possibilities of its kind. Personally I possess four teagowns, which in due sequence will follow each other to the cleaner. A soft grey Liberty satin is my immediate favourite. This is sun-kilted from a very deep yoke, which extends within three inches of the waist, covered with a grey chiffon frill, covered again with pale yellow lace. The sleeves are of grey chiffon wrinkling down to the wrist, and over these hang sleeves of lace to the hem of the dress. I am



CLOTH DRESS, BODICE TRIMMED APPLIQUE VELVET AND SABLE.



VIOLET HAT WITH CROWN OF NEAPOLITAN VIOLETS, DRAPED LACE.

trying to persuade this to last clean a fortnight. A pale blue teagown of crêpe de chine have I also in my possession, with a lace over-dress and a belt of turquoise and diamonds—obviously insincere, but most attractive. The most reliable gown I have is the kimono, of whose charms I have previously written, made in pale blue crape, traced with an embroidery in gold and green and red. It is draped over an under-dress of accordion-kilted white voile, belted round the waist with three shades of soft green ribbon, and its brilliant scarlet lining is in evidence at every movement. It is picturesque exceedingly, and may, perhaps, be relied upon to do continuous duty for a fortnight. By the way, how badly the Japanese people embroider, and how abominably they work altogether! They join their seams with a total disregard to their patterns, and, save and except for their wondrous eye for colour, they undoubtedly lack the best essentials to the artistry with which the centuries accredit them.

WEDNESDAY: There is a break in the fog. We have had two hours' brilliant sunshine this morning, when I was lured by

an energetic little niece to bicycle in the park, a most old-fashioned proceeding, and one which makes neither for comfort nor for amusement. The roads were atrocious, and the company quite uninteresting. Everybody was nobody, and there were very few of these. I suffered in the cause of amiability, and came home with much pleasure to don reasonable attire, just in time to meet Essie, who called to take me out to lunch. What a nice hospitable person Essie is, and in a generous moment she offered me her ancient sealskin as a little gift. Fearing she should repent her in the morning, I went at once and fetched it, and ever since I have been wondering what on earth I am going to do with it. It is a good thing to collect, and the sense of being supported by voluntary contributions is invariably pleasing unto me, while undoubtedly my little sac sealskin, which now boasts caracule sleeves, an ermine collar, and sable hems, is a polyglot monstrosity. Shall Essie's coat assume the Russian shape? I dare not, after all the strictures I have passed on the monotonous want of imagination in women who have persisted this winter in dressing themselves in a livery of Russian coat, high collar, and toque with two rosettes at one side, and a suede belt. I think I shall have that sealskin cut into a reefer coat, when a chinchilla collar will be its indispensable completion, and a chinchilla muff will become the object of my dreams. Ultimately I should not be at all surprised if that sealskin coat, which I do not require, did not cost me some £40 to induce it to serviceable complexion.

I bought a very pretty toque to-day, with a crown of violets and a scarf of lace from one side to the other of the velvet brim, and two violet ostrich feathers following each other over at the left. It deserves mention, for pretty hats are difficult to find at the moment, all the authorities devoting their best attention to millinery suited for the Riviera, of light fantastic detail utterly useless for wear in town. If anything could induce me to forgive Nellie for going South without me, it would be her reiterated promise to send me two hats from Paris.

This afternoon we went a-skating. The rink was empty and dull and nobody looked nice, and nobody was nice except a girl we met in the hall wearing a cloth dress with four tucks at the hips, groups of tucks down her tight sleeves, and a blouse bodice with a raised pattern of velvet worked in chenille, a border of sable decorating the epaulettes and round yoke. Her hat was of velvet in a low, flat shape, with two ostrich feathers at one side. She was no skater, that girl, merely a loungeur and a looker-on, by the way. And her masculine companion in idleness wore a foreign air of no distinction, and one of the new neckties which excite so much of my admiration, being made of a strip of knitting, and shaped so that it forms the proper ins and outs essential to the sailor knot. These give convincing testimony to the industry of the woman of your choice, and no man who thinks really well of himself and has a proper opinion of his own fascinations should fail to supply himself with some lady who adores him and—understands the best principles of the art of knitting. Essie is great at making these ties, and on their account has been, I veritably believe, selected as the idol of more than one man's dreams this winter.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE PERSIAN CYCLAMEN.

OUR illustration this week is of the Persian Cyclamen, which gives colour to many a plant house at this season. Without the glorious varieties now in commerce, and the Chinese Primroses, winter would be a dreary time to those who rejoice in bright colouring under glass. As with the Primula, the Cyclamen has undergone a remarkable change through the energy of the hybridist, who is untiring in his efforts to extend the range of colours and to enlarge the flower. Mere size is not desirable, but when achieved without sacrificing beauty of form, is welcome. We have seen large double varieties, which are not pretty, but the crested type is a distinct advance. In this the florets are distinctly and prettily frilled, a form which no doubt will be sought for when better known. The plants are strong and sturdy in growth, and the flower stems stand erect, which was not the case a few years since. Pure white, intense crimson, rose, salmon rose, and other shades are characteristic of the race. We enjoy a group in the greenhouse, such as portrayed in the illustration. It is remarkably effective and pleasing.

### CULTURE OF THE CYCLAMEN.

The Cyclamen is far easier to grow now than a few years ago. It is practically treated in these days as an annual, and its culture is similar to that of the Chinese Primrose, of which we wrote recently in COUNTRY LIFE. Seed of the Cyclamen may be sown at almost any season of the year, and we cannot do better than mention that the following advice is given by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, who grow the flower so splendidly at Reading:—"The important months for seed sowing are October and November, and January or February, for insuring a succession. Use either pots or pans firmly filled with rich loam and leaf-mould, mingled with a sufficiency of sharp silver sand to insure drainage. Dibble the seed an inch apart, and a quarter of an inch deep. Autumn sowings must have a temperature of not less than 45deg., and winter sowings from 56deg. to 70deg., not higher. The seed germinates very slowly and irregularly. Transfer to thumb pots as ready, and shift on until the 48 size is reached. The whole secret of successful Cyclamen culture may be summed up in a few words—constant and unvarying heat, a moist atmosphere, and abundant supplies of water without stagnation; free circulation of air, avoiding cold draughts; light in winter and shade in summer, with freedom from insect pests." This is the culture of Cyclamens in a nutshell.

### HARDY CYCLAMENS.

These form a charming group. The flowers are dainty in form, small, and attractive in colour. Compared to those of the Persian Cyclamen they are insignificant, but clustering amid the autumn leaves have an attraction denied the more pretentious indoor flower. The hardy Cyclamen resists as much cold as our native Primrose, and delights in the shelter given by bushes or shrubs, where the soil is rather moist or leafy, a term which signifies a loose "vegetable" medium, such as that the hardy Orchids and a host of shade-loving flowers care for. When the plants are in some measure protected, the handsome leaves preserve their shape and colouring, which is as beautiful in its way as that of the petals. The foliage is veined and mottled with grey, silver, and softest blue-green, which is, indeed, welcome during winter and early spring. It is not too much to say that the ivy-leaved species (*C. hederifolium*) is worth a place for its leaves alone. We have seen the hardy Cyclamens naturalised in many English gardens, and when well established the plants grow into luxuriant masses. At Livermere Park, near Bury St. Edmund's, we remember how beautiful were the flowers under the shelter of spreading trees, the surface of the soil tinted with colour. It is in such positions as these that the roots are at home. Good drainage is essential to success, and to ensure freedom from stagnation the soil must be what is known as gritty, a condition made certain when broken crocks, small bits of charcoal, or similar materials are mixed with loam. Plant the Cyclamens, of course, upon the rock garden, where they will be sheltered, not because they are in the least tender, but to preserve the leaves from injury.

### KINDS OF HARDY CYCLAMENS.

The round-leaved Cyclamen (*C. coum*) blooms before even the Snowdrop, but those who enjoy early flowers should grow the plants in a small frame, filled with a vegetable soil and thoroughly drained. A rich display of colour will be the reward. The colouring varies, the white kind being without any shade, not tinted with rose as so many varieties called alba. *C. ibericum* and *C. vernum* may be added to the list. Even those who care greatly for their gardens seem to know little of this fascinating group, so fragrant, bright in colour, and distinct from anything else in the woodland or rockwork.



A GROUP OF PERSIAN CYCLAMENS.

### THE MILD WINTER.

This is so far a record winter, we should think, for mildness. We have received flowers gathered from the open in many parts of these Isles, chiefly, of course, in the Southern Counties, near the sea. *Berberis Darwini*, Primroses, Polyanthes, *Pyrus japonica*, and other flowers of the early year have expanded weeks before their appointed time, tempted to open by the spring-like warmth and clear sunny skies. We hope growth will not, however, start too soon, with the inevitable result, an untimely end.

### THE LARGER ROCKFOILS.

There is much beauty in the garden in winter if one only seeks it, the mossy Saxifrages, Pinks, and other plants with pleasing winter leafage possessing distinct attraction at this season. Nothing is, however, more handsome than the larger Rockfoils (*Megasea*), which are a class of Saxifrage, but far bolder than the majority of the species. The leaves are very large, heart-shaped as a rule, and in winter shaded with many beautiful bronzy-green, purple, and reddish tints, sometimes almost self, usually, however, melting into each other. In early spring the flowers appear, and these are produced in dense spikes, which are in pleasing contrast to the leathery leaves. A few plants grown in pots are welcome early in the year for the profusion and bright colours of the flowers, but we enjoy the *Megaseas* in large groups, mounting some rocky spot in the rock garden or similar position. They like slight shade, although the leaf colouring is most pronounced when the plants are fully exposed.

### KINDS OF MEGASEA.

The *Megaseas* are not all very hardy, and *M. ciliata* is quite tender, being only suitable for the South of England, where a sheltered nook should be given to it. *M. cordifolia* is very fine, and one of the most vigorous of the race. The flowers are clear rose in colour, and shelter themselves amongst the ample leathery leaves, as if afraid to face the winds of March. In warm, bright spots the flowers are better developed. A variety of this named *purpurea* is very rich in its deep crimson colouring. *M. crassifolia*, *M. ligulata*, and the pale lilac-flowered *M. Stracheyi*, are all worthy of culture.

### GENERAL PLANTING.

During mild or open weather, when the ground is not too wet and sticky, planting may be carried on, and we have been well blessed this winter with good weather for the work. Roses, trees and shrubs, perennials, and a host of things, may be planted at any time, except the more tender kinds, which should not be disturbed until spring. It would not be very wise, for instance, to move some delicate alpine now, or even Carnations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help readers desirous of information about gardening in any of its branches. The trade are also invited to send their catalogues for notice.